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From a Painting by

THE COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND.

ELLIS ROBERTS.



**CHE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits**

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THE SPRING, PEDIGREE SALES

TOWARDS the end of January begin the great pedigree sales of the year, and annually a greater importance attaches to them. No more pleasant and useful fashion than that of keeping pedigree stock was ever adopted by the landed classes in England, and it is one that seems to grow with the advancing years. Anyone who was at Buscot Park the other day could have formed a good idea of the variety of classes of people who are interested in this department of agriculture. The King himself was present, as he likes to be at sales of Shire horses, and in a few weeks' time he will change his part and be host at a sale of his own to be held at Windsor. We need not here enlarge upon the value and beauty of the stock kept upon that historic estate. Of course, we refer to shorthorns. There are no Shire horses to speak of at Windsor, those of His Majesty being at Sandringham, but the herd of cattle might be fairly described as the leading one in the country. For several years past a celebrated bull, whom we have shown more than once in photographs, has taken championship honours at the leading shows in the country. True, it was once beaten by the C.I.V. of Mr. Deane Willis, but at the very next trial afterwards the King was successful in reversing the verdict, and now retains the championship; nor was this any chance turn of good fortune. Almost since the establishment of the herd under the late Prince Albert it has held the leading place in the country, and during the lifetime of Queen Victoria there was scarcely a great show without one of her famous shorthorns being at the head of the list. So much was this the case that occasionally there was some grumbling at the Queen taking all the prizes. The fact of the matter was, however, that the winnings at agricultural shows were devoted by Queen Victoria to the needs of a little benevolent fund which she started, and the question of private gain or advantage did not arise. Towards the end of her life the shorthorn herd at Windsor had reached the very zenith of its fame, and, thanks to the admirable management of

Mr. Tate, it still retains its position as the leading herd of the country.

We have been led away from our original theme by this discussion of her late Majesty's shorthorns. Of course in every stud or herd a sale is a necessity within a given period. Constant breeding tends always to increase the herd beyond the accommodation provided, and were it only to get rid of the over-plus, redistribution would be necessary at stated intervals. But more than that is inferred from a sale. The pleasure of cattle-breeding or of horse-breeding does not depend so much upon possessing the prize-winning animal of the time, as on the exercise of those faculties of judgment and selection that enabled one to arrive at a high position. It is ever becoming a more difficult task. More and more people go in for keeping pedigree stock as a favourite pastime, and now the number turned out is far beyond what it used to be within a comparatively short space of time. Thus, whoever would come to the top is compelled to devote far more care and attention than sufficed in earlier days. First of all there is that long and arduous task of examining pedigrees and tracing the ancestry of all the animals that are to be bred from. It is a fact in Nature that every animal tends to cast back to its more or less remote predecessors, and one of the secrets of breeding is, as it were, to have a perfectly clean sheet—that is to say, to ensure that the animal has no bad blood to cast back on. But that is a counsel of perfection. No pedigree in Great Britain is quite so perfect as it would imply; so that there is always a glorious uncertainty about breeding which, far from diminishing the pleasure, adds zest to its pursuit. The time has altogether gone when country gentleman was content to have a herd of shorthorns in his park, and paid no attention to them beyond seeing that they had their regular food and so forth. Every possessor of such a herd at the present day would be tempted to clear them out and begin to create another that in appearance and quality would come near the ideal in his own mind. That is a powerful reason for the sales that take place every year. It no doubt is difficult, almost to the point of being impossible, to replace or build up such a herd of shorthorns as that at Windsor, or such a herd of Jerseys as there is at Tring, but the pleasure of trying to do so is almost the greatest that a breeder can experience. There is, of course, a smaller rivalry that has its amusing side. We refer to the question of averages. A few years ago the eagerness to beat a record in regard to averages was probably greater than it is just now. Recently it has been pretty generally agreed that the average price obtained at a sale is not really a satisfactory test of the merits of the animal sold. For example, in a small stud of Shire horses it has occurred more than once that a single animal has brought a couple of thousand pounds, and perhaps another animal has fetched as much as fifteen hundred pounds. With them have been a number of quite inferior animals, whose prices taken by themselves would scarcely surpass those obtained for ordinary commercial stock. Yet the one or two animals in the collection have raised the average to a height that is extremely deceiving. So, again, if you take a stud of horses such as that sold by Sir Alexander Henderson at Buscot last week, the average is not very high, for the simple reason that no extraordinary prices were realised. Yet the quality of this stud is of the very highest degree of excellence, and as a matter of fact the prices obtained for the fillies were extremely satisfactory; but just because no really out-of-the-way animal happened to be offered, the average is by no means what it would otherwise have been. During the coming season it seems in every way likely that we shall have a considerable number of important sales of pedigree livestock, but perhaps it is not being unduly prophetic to say that there is very little likelihood of the records of the past being beaten. The very multiplication of studs and herds has brought into existence so vast a number of animals reaching a high degree of merit, so high a degree of merit indeed that they would have been certain of first honours a few years ago, that there is less disposition to give huge prices, once not uncommon. In Shires the best blood has been disseminated through innumerable studs. For instance, the influence of that king of stud horses, Prince Harold, has been felt far and wide, but it has become almost impossible that one of his progeny should stand out head and shoulders above all the others, as he did. The average has been raised to a very great degree, but the raising of the average has made it all the more difficult to get one that is very much beyond it.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Countess of Westmorland. Lady Sybil Mary St. Clair-Erskine, daughter of the fourth Earl of Rosslyn, married the present Earl of Westmorland in 1892. The portrait is a reproduction of a picture which appears in "The Book of Beauty."



AMONG the accomplishments of the Emperor William lightness of touch is not to be reckoned. His fist, in his own words, is always mailed, and on whichever side it falls down it comes with the same weight. This has been curiously exemplified in his dealings with America. The least prejudiced of critics is bound to say that Germany for some time past has either been very unhappily misunderstood, or there has been a deliberate design to sow discord between Great Britain and the United States. The Americans, to their credit, have not responded to the German invitation to quarrel with England, but have grasped our position with a fine and sympathetic insight. There seemed, indeed, a very great danger of Germany itself becoming extremely unpopular in the United States, and so the Kaiser framed a conciliatory message, which he sent through the new Ambassador. For extreme and unctuous flattery there is nothing to beat it in the country. Everything American, from the women to the climate, seems at once to have appealed to the Imperial mind, and, to use a common phrase, he lays it on with a trowel, so much so that even the New York journalists cannot swallow the flattery, but have turned round to jeer at their would-be friends.

A very sensible speech by Mr. Hanbury, a speech containing some good news of practical importance, was crowded into a brief paragraph of Monday's papers, which devoted much space to the quips and cranks of Mr. Winston Churchill. This is not to say that Mr. Winston Churchill's attack on Mr. Brodrick and the War Office was not important, but it is to say, quite emphatically, that some of the gibes, which were boyish, might have been omitted to make room for Mr. Hanbury's common-sense. But, after all, Mr. Hanbury's news is so good that it can be condensed. He has a definite promise from the Prime Minister that a Bill dealing with the sale of adulterated butter shall be read a second time before Easter; and that means that a measure which is badly wanted will almost certainly be passed. Further, Mr. Hanbury has hopes of a Bill to discourage sheep-worrying; he disapproves of preservatives in milk; and he holds out no hopes to those who would have the meat-producing industry of this country protected. But perhaps the soundest part of his speech was that in which he congratulated farmers on a growing appreciation of the value of business principles, and at the same time pledged himself to demand that money should be spent for the English farmer as freely as for the "pampered" Irish farmer. Of course, however, Mr. Hanbury did not suggest that it should be spent in the same way.

Few of those who have passed away are more thoroughly deserving of posthumous honour than the late Mr. Quintin Hogg, who died very suddenly on Saturday morning. He had gone to his bath, and it appears that while in the water he succumbed to a form of heart disease from which he was a sufferer. One of the last incidents of his life was characteristic of the kindness that was the mainspring of his character. On Friday night, observing a boy leaving the Polytechnic without an overcoat, he called him back and immediately sent out for one, which he wrapped round the lad with his own hands. Little deeds of kindness like this had endeared him to the institution which he had founded and carried on at great cost. He is said to have spent in all about a hundred thousand pounds on the Polytechnic in Regent Street. Through it, since its establishment in 1882, somewhere about a quarter of a million of scholars have passed. He had been fired with the ambition of doing good to boys since the days of his own school career at Eton, and the story of his life is one long record of good deeds. When he died he was only fifty-seven, and it is a matter for universal regret that a life so useful should have been cut short at so comparatively early an age.

At one time it was a very common gibe in the columns of the contemporaries of our leading newspaper to assert that

M. de Blowitz was the friend of princes and statesmen, but, as a matter of fact, he really did have a very wide acquaintance with the governing men of his time. He held pretty nearly the first place as the political correspondent of the *Times*, and he had the great merit of inspiring those who knew what was going on in Europe with confidence in his integrity. We cannot wonder that the French papers have joined in what is obviously a very sincere lament over his decease, for he was in every respect a true friend of France, both in those stormy days when the legions of Prussia were knocking at the gates of Paris, and in those scarcely less despondent years when France bravely struggled under her misfortune to confront unfriendliness abroad and dissension at home. The least that can be said of him was that he was the prince of journalists.

In a few days there will be opened, at a charge of eight shillings for a three minutes' conversation, what is described as the longest submarine telephone in the world. It crosses the Channel from St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, to a point on the Belgian coast near Ostend, a distance of just about sixty miles. Previous to this the longest submarine telephones were the Anglo-French, crossing from St. Margaret's Bay to San Gatte, near Calais, about twenty-four miles, and the Anglo-Irish, from Stranraer to Donaghadee. If this experiment with Belgium succeeds, as it seems in every way likely to do, no doubt in a very short time we shall be placed in telephonic communication with nearly the whole of the Continent. The only difficulty is that the submersion of a telephonic cable seems to make such a very great difference in its inductive capacity. A telephone is not so effective, even on land, when it is placed underground, but no doubt this experience will help the experts at St. Margaret's to surmount the difficulty, and it does not seem vain to hope that in the course of a few years' time one will be able to sit in London and hold familiar converse with people in Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, and all the points of interest in Europe. This is another great step towards bringing the nations of the world together.

For the time, at any rate, and it can hardly be doubted for all time, the "Bart's" appeal has gone out of sight, and a committee of fifteen, nine of them selected by the Lord Mayor, and six by the treasurer of the hospital, Sir Trevor Lawrence, has been appointed to consider the whole question. Seldom has agitation been more rapidly successful, and Sir Trevor Lawrence and his colleagues are to be congratulated upon yielding so promptly to the force of public opinion. "Bart's" cannot keep its old site without being guilty of scandalous waste of money to no purpose, for the ground is worth too much to be justly used as a hospital. To cling to it would be analogous to the act of one who should make a garden path out of precious stones. They might make a good path; but it would be none the less a sin to use them to that end.

A very excellent charity (if it will not resent the designation) is that to which the Fishmongers' Company and the Grocers' Company lately have given some liberal donations—the London Playing Fields Society. No one, it is to be presumed, will question the advantage of bringing such opportunities of country life as are possible within the easy reach of a class in the metropolis that hardly could enjoy such privileges as the Playing Fields present without some outside assistance, and even the staunchest advocate of Charity Organisation principles hardly could accuse such help as this of a pauperising tendency. There are few charities so wholly free of objections. The special purpose of the donations referred to is to help the society to purchase some fields at Raynes Park, to which end some £2,000 is needed.

The conclusion of the most recent committee on British forestry seems to be that the world in general must soon fail to supply the demand for the timber of coniferous trees that has grown so large, and therefore the committee makes one or two practical suggestions, such as the experimental planting of such trees in certain areas in England and Scotland, and the establishment of a lectureship on forestry at the Universities, as well as of State-endowed arrangements to enable practical foresters and woodmen to learn the grammar of their craft. The possible financial aspect is presented alluringly by a reference to the case of Saxony, where land worth not more than 4s. an acre for agriculture or pasture returns 38s. an acre under timber. These are figures that should make many a landowner open his eyes very wide.

The Poultry Organisation Society in England seems to make little progress by comparison with what is done on the Continent. Every now and then we hear of it holding a meeting at which people of great social and other distinction make

speeches. In Russia they do not hold these ornamental gatherings, but they send out facts that are even more eloquent than the golden words of our organisers. The exportation of eggs from Russia began as a serious business in 1877, and in 1890 the German and English demand had become so great that no fewer than 50,000,000 eggs were sent out from the dominions of the Czar, and now the trade has grown almost beyond measurement. In 1902 the export of eggs from Kazan and several other towns on the Volga amounted to 1,230 waggons, or 185,000,000 eggs, valued at 2,500,000 roubles, or £250,000. Thus there has been accomplished in Russia a feat equal to that performed in Denmark, where a similarly rapid growth of the trade in eggs was witnessed some years ago. But we notice that success in both cases was due, not to fine oratory, but to business application.

The Académie Goncourt is at the end of its legal troubles, although it is probable that a good deal of its endowment has passed into the banking accounts of French lawyers. On the whole this may be no public misfortune, for French lawyers are probably at least as deserving as the school of novelists whom Edmond de Goncourt wished to endow, and those who raised the question whether "the literary society founded by MM. de Goncourt was of public utility" had some show of reason on their side. It is to consist of ten men of letters only, endowed with £250 a year each, who are to dine together once a month, and to confer a prize of £200 in each year on some book of artistic merit. The members of the Academy must not be poets or critics, but only novelists, of the realistic and precious type; and seven only of the original ten remain. Mr. Edmund Gosse thinks that if there were the same kind of foundation in England the seven would be Messieurs Conrad, Gissing, Hichens, George Moore, "Mark Rutherford," Wells, and Zangwill, and that they might co-opt Messrs. Bernard Capes, Arthur Morrison, and Benjamin Swift. Well, if anybody likes to endow these gentlemen as an Academy of diners there would be no objection; but as to the public utility of the Academy there would be room for a good deal of question.

IN EXILE.

Grey flows the river in the sun,
And greyer in the shade;
By wharves and reaches drear and dun
Spring pauses, half afraid,
Ere she shall burst the blackened bud,
Or stir the scanty blade.

Vet I know in Northern uplands every runner is a flood,
And the April-wakened waters through each little slack are brawling,
While, with voices full of April, the returning curlews calling,
Stir the old desire of Springtide and young rapture of the blood.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

Miss Marie Corelli, who has the merit of being able now and then to fashion a very catching phrase, has been holding forth at Manchester on what she calls literary "Aunt Sallies." She says that Shelley, Byron, Keats, Scott, Dickens, Tennyson, and Carlyle, all, as it were, were used as cock-shies by their contemporaries. So also is a certain novelist who wrote "The Sorrows of Satan." They won their way to immortality in spite of their contemporary critics; and why not she? It sounds very plausible, but of the men of letters she mentions, some are already gone down the dark way of oblivion. Few people of to-day read Byron, and it is to be feared that even Carlyle is not the household word that he was in the early seventies. And there is another side to the question. If Miss Corelli would take the trouble to look up an old number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, she would find there a curious list of women whose claim to immortality was judged to be past question, and, indeed, their works flooded the market once upon a time. But who, for instance, reads the Hon. Mrs. Norton now, though she was once called the "Empress of Letters?" For the rest, even their names are forgotten, while it is remembered that the greatest critics of their day were highest in praise of men like Tennyson, Keats, Dickens, and Ruskin. It was very ingenious of Miss Corelli, but her theory will scarcely hold water.

A most amusing hoax has been brought off by one of those over-clever journalists that live in the smaller towns of America. There was to be a poultry and cat show, and this ingenious individual announced that one of its features would be a series of field-trials with cats. According to him a thousand mice had been ordered, and the cats would be set to try their skill against one another on the mice. Of course, in our very humane days, this raised a great horror. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals took up the case of the feline field trials with vigour. Many newspapers inserted leading articles on the subject, and one indignant scribe in New York declared that it was surprising that any "decent woman" should have planned such an exhibition in these days. "Women at least are kind-

hearted; perhaps the women's innate hatred of mice, combined with some ignorance and a considerable lack of imagination, has contributed to render them capable of proposing this disgusting amusement." It would be extremely interesting to know how many of these indignant articles were written by the original paragraphist, and how much he was paid for them.

There is nothing new under the sun, and it is distinctly amusing to find that Dr. Porteus, who became Bishop of London in 1765, left a sum of money of which the income is annually divisible among the six poor cottagers of Hunton, his old parish, who attend church most regularly. The custom is still kept up, and the competition is keen, for the sum available amounts to about 10s. 6d. per Sunday. What one has read of the sermons of Dr. Porteus compels the reflection that he was a sympathetic man.

Few journals have taken up a position more decided than that of *COUNTRY LIFE* on the subject of the dangerous driving of motor-cars, but at the same time we have a strong feeling in favour of the appeal which the editors of *Motoring Illustrated* are making to the King, himself one of the most ardent supporters of the new vehicle. It is nothing less than a suggestion that, inasmuch as the great international automobile race of last year was won by an Englishman driving an English-built car, the race of 1903 should be run on British or Irish roads. There would be legal difficulties in the way, of course. A special Act of Parliament would be necessary, and it would be idle to expect that it would pass through both Houses without debate. Still, Mr. Balfour, himself a devotee of the pastime, would probably succeed in piloting the Bill through, and there can be little doubt that the impulse given to trade generally would more than compensate for any temporary inconvenience to the public. As matters stand, the Continent reaps the benefit of a competition which might very well be held on some of the best English or Irish roads. The dangers of permitting the race are easily exaggerated. A novice driving slowly is far more perilous than a real expert, says Mr. S. F. Edge, driving at top speed, for the perfection of the control which such drivers exercise over their machines is little short of the marvellous.

Three years ago, if a man in Johannesburg had suggested the importation of Chinese labour, he would have incurred a risk of being torn in pieces by the not always long-suffering mining population. To-day it scarcely is enough to say that it is within the horizon of practical politics. It is more than a possibility—a probability. The writer happens to have seen something of Chinese labour in America, where certain of the railways hardly could have been built by a people relatively so little enduring of cold and requiring so much food as any of the white races. There are trades, such as market gardening and laundry work, at which the white man has no chance in competition with the Chinaman, and in many parts of the globe the latter has already displayed unrivalled qualities as a miner. Doubtless if the "yellow terror" comes to Johannesburg it will be restricted jealously to mining work, and will not be permitted to enter other fields of competition with white labour; and, so restricted, it hardly is possible to doubt that the Chinaman will prove a most valuable person to the mining interest. But the future of the Kaffir working man (if there are working men among the Kaffirs, which some deny) does not seem full of promise.

The Highland deer have become very tame during the severe weather in Scotland, and have left the mountains in herds numbering hundreds. Passengers by the railway at Carrown, in particular, have been edified by the unusual sight of hundreds of deer crowded close to the railway fences begging food with piteous eyes. In the high-lying forests hand-feeding has been resorted to, but in some districts, particularly Lochcarron, the deer are being shot in considerable numbers where their depredations to the crops have not been made good by their proprietors.

The good effects of a little care are very evident in the case of the river Mourne, County Tyrone, Ireland. The run of breeding salmon up this river and its numerous tributaries has been by far the best for twelve years, and it would seem that the large amount of money spent by the Mourne Fishing Company is now bearing good fruit. The placing of special watchers during the close season and the restocking the water with artificially-reared salmon fry have undoubtedly saved one of the finest salmon streams of Ireland from extinction, so far as angling went. The Newtown Stewart hatchery will be stocked to its fullest capacity, and though the trays there hold close on one million ova, the manager says he would have no difficulty in stocking them twice over, so plentiful are the breeding salmon. Salmon fishing on the Mourne opens on April 1st.

MAZES.

Of the many curiosities which were formerly much in vogue in old English gardens, but which have now pretty well disappeared, none were more remarkable during the eighteenth century than the masterpieces of the topiary's art called "mazes." To seek their origin and to trace their development is to turn back to records of a past almost prehistoric, for the English garden maze of two hundred years ago is the descendant, by direct evolution, from the labyrinths of mythical times, such as that said to have been built by Dædalus at Knossus in Crete, at the request of Pasiphaë, to keep her offspring, the Minotaur, in—a labyrinth which, we may observe by the way, is still existent in the form of the mazy corridors and underground passages of King Minos's palace, on the hill of Kephala at Knossus, recently unearthed by Mr. Arthur Evans's marvellous excavations. Drawings, plans, and casts of these discoveries are now on exhibition at the Royal Academy. Similar to this was the vast subterranean labyrinth or maze at Arsinoë, or Crocodilopolis, the ruins of which were identified by Leipsius as still extant at Howara, in the district of Fayoum. This extraordinary construction, fashioned mainly on a cave of natural formation, is recorded to have been built by



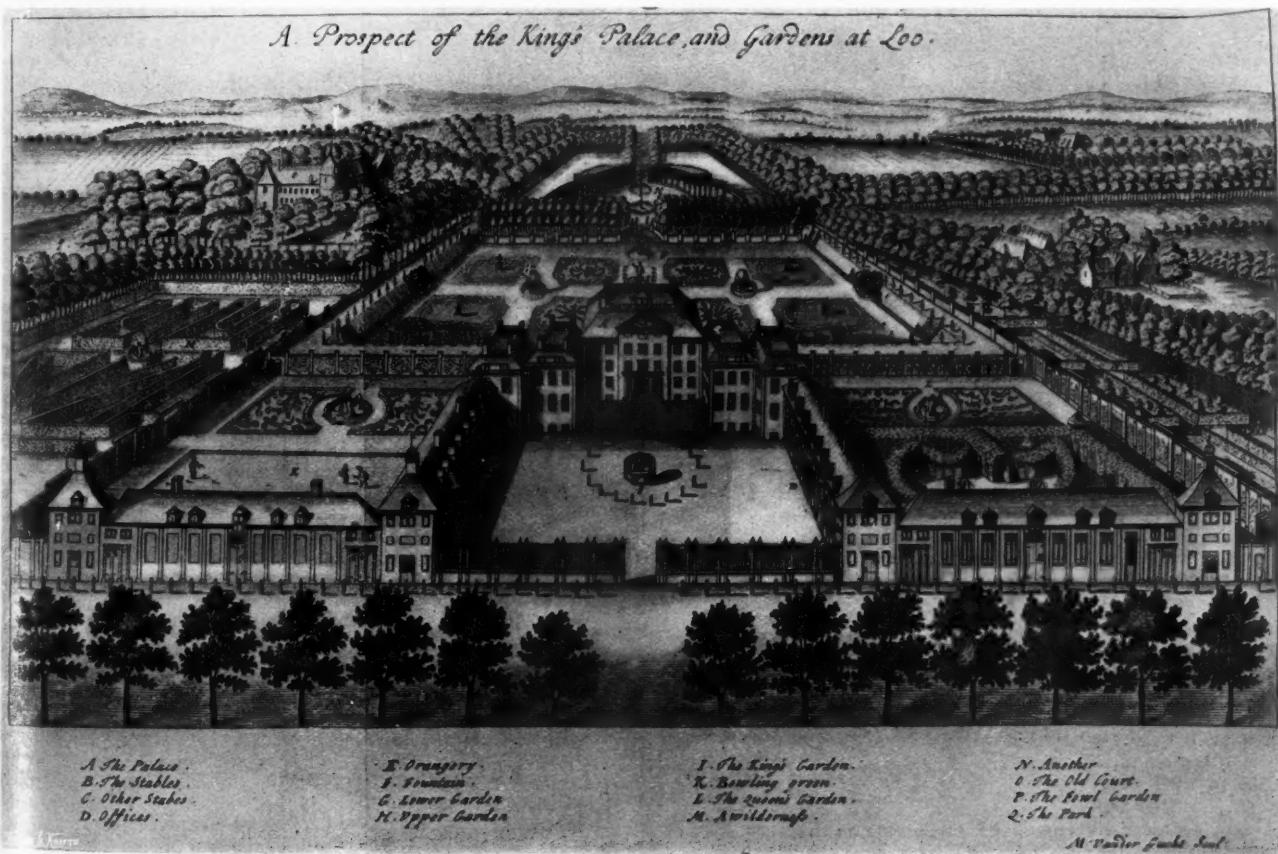
THE CRETAN LABYRINTH.

(From a Fifteenth Century Florentine Engraving attributed to Baccio Baldi).

Amenemha I. in the year b.c. 1800. It is described as containing 3,000 rooms, with wonderfully - pictured walls and gorgeous colonnades. Herodotus, who went over it, speaks with amazement of its countless and bewildering exits and entrances, asserting that it had as many as 36,000 doors. Other so-called labyrinths famous in classical times were the caverns near Nauplia in Argolis, and the Samian labyrinth built for the tyrant Polykrates, which, with its 150 columns, was still standing in Pliny's time.

From classical times, the idea and the designs of labyrinths

passed on to the mediæval epoch, and were applied to various decorative and ecclesiastical purposes by the monastic draughtsmen, who amused themselves by inventing the most intricate and perplexing designs imaginable. Such, for instance, is the plan of a circular maze delineated on the porch of Lucca Cathedral, and such likewise is the plan, also of a circular maze, on the floor of Chartres Cathedral, of both of which tracings are reproduced here. Designs of extreme intricacy, the lines of which, nevertheless, were arranged as symmetrically as possible, and so as to occupy a definite geometrical figure—such as a square or a circle—seem to have been the ideals aimed at.



THE PALACE AND GARDENS AT LOO.

(With Maze on Left.)

Such ecclesiastical labyrinths were formed of tiles or slabs of different coloured pavement, and they were sometimes of such an extent that it required 2,000 steps or more to follow their course. They were frequently regarded as emblematic of "the way of the cross" from Jerusalem to Calvary, and as such were followed by the pious on their knees, reciting prayers and ejaculations. Occasionally, however, these designs were practically applied, though we have record of only one instance in England, namely, "Fair Rosamund's Bower," which appears to have been a building hidden in a dense thicket, and approached by winding and intricate paths. This labyrinth, however, was probably made in a haphazard way, very different from the elaborately-designed plans of the monks, or the complex geometrically-composed figures of the formal gardeners of the eighteenth century.*

With the revival of classical learning in the fifteenth century, the interest aroused in the ancient myths led the draughtsmen and engravers to apply the mediaeval labyrinthine designs to the illustration of such subjects as the famous legend of the Minotaur of Crete. One of these, which is reproduced here, is a Florentine plate, the execution of which is attributed to Baccio Baldini, after a supposed design of Botticelli's. It gives a very curious representation of the Cretan labyrinth, with the story of Theseus and Ariadne. In the right foreground is shown Theseus (his name Teseo on a scroll beneath him) in armour, taking from Ariadne (Adrianna) two balls of thread, which she tenders to him to enable him by its means to retrace his steps, after penetrating into the innermost recesses of the labyrinth, and slaying the Minotaur. On the other, or left hand, side of the foreground is shown the famous labyrinth itself—inscribed Abberinto—represented in the form of a great circular castle of stone, with gigantic walls, built up close to each other, concentrically, and a lofty entrance gate, into which a figure of Theseus is just disappearing. Tied to a ring, fixed in the side wall of the gateway, is seen the end of the thread which he unwound as he proceeded inwards.

In the background of the engraving is depicted the sea, where, on a somewhat reduced scale, are portrayed various incidents in the life of Ariadne. On the left she is shown standing on a rocky promontory, signalling to a vessel, which is sailing away, bearing Theseus on board; close to this we see her leaping into the sea, whence Jove—enscrolled Giove, and represented under a figure of Love—is raising her from the waves; while in the sky just above he is seen bearing her aloft into the heavens. On the extreme right, in the background, is a castle, from the walls of which are seen two men precipitating themselves into the waves—one probably intended for Aegeus, the father of Theseus, who cast himself into the sea, thinking his son had perished when he saw the vessel returning without the white flag which was to have been the signal of success, but which Theseus had neglected to hoist.

In regard to the design of the labyrinth in this plate it is curious to note that—as can be seen by the reader—it is nearly identical with the one on the floor of the cathedral at Chartres; and, moreover, it is figured almost exactly in the earliest English printed book on the laying out of gardens, namely, Thomas Hill's "Moste Briefe and Pleasaunt Treatyse,

"Teachynge How to Dress, Sowe, and Set a Garden," first published in 1563 in black letter, and afterwards republished, in several editions, under the title "The Profitable Arte of Gardening."

Hill, like so many of the old writers on gardens and gardening, was a man of letters and a designer, rather than a practical horticulturist; so that, from a certain point of view, what he says has an interest which the lucubrations of writers on herbs, husbandry, kitchen gardening, and vegetables do not possess. In connection with the subject of mazes he gives two designs, and adds: "Here also I place the other maze, which may be like ordered and used, as I speake before, and it may either be sette with Isope and Time, or with winter Sauery and Time; for these do well endure all the winter thorowe greene. And there be some which set their Mazes with Lavender Cotten Spike, Marioram, and such like. But let them be ordered in this point as liketh best the gardener, and so an end. For I do not heerte set forth this, or the other Maze before expressed, for any necessary commoditie in a garden, but rather appoint either of these (which liketh you best) as a beautifying unto your garden, for that mazes and knots aptly made doe much set forth a garden, which nevertheless I refiere to your discretion, for that all persons be not of like abilitie."

From the above it is evident that by the word "maze" Hill meant something very different from what we now understand by it; and there can be little doubt that the "mazes" he refers to were scarcely more than a sort of intricate-patterned flower-bed, intersected sometimes with narrow paths, or sometimes even with bands of coloured earth or pebbles, not differing much from the "knots"—so often referred to by the old writers on gardening—which first came into vogue in the middle of the reign of Henry VIII. and lasted until the time of William III.

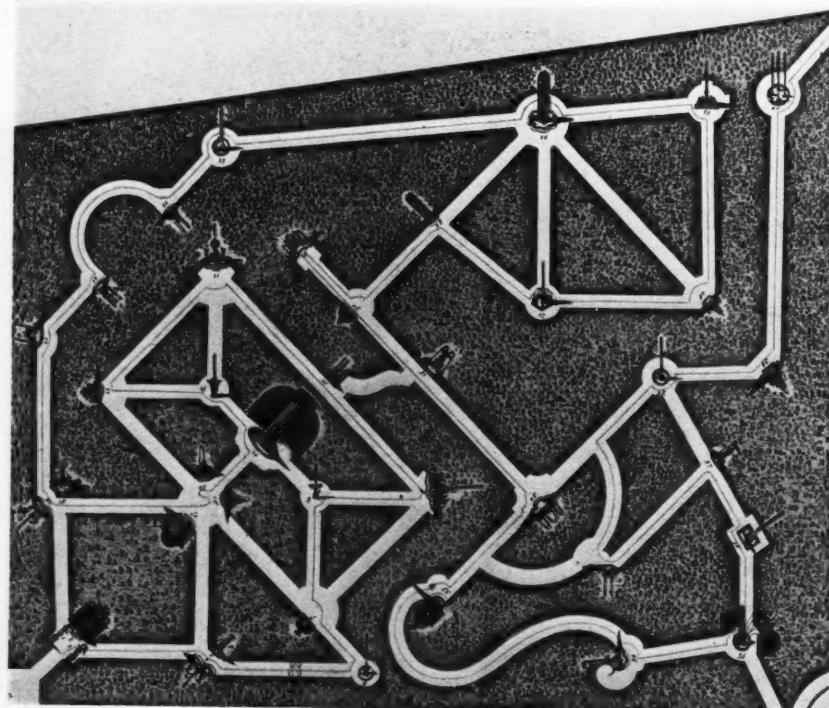
In a fifth edition of Hill's book, published, it would seem, soon after his death in 1577, under the title "The Gardener's Labyrinth," by "Didymus Mountaine"—the editor of which appears to have been one Henry Dethicke—Hill's two plans of mazes reappear with the remark that they "are not for any necessary commoditie in a garden, but rather . . . that whoso listeth having such room in their garden may place the one of them in that void place that may best be spared for the only purpose to sport in them at times."

The same idea of mazes as a sort of more elaborate figured herb or flower bed is still continued in "The Country Housewife's Garden," a small book of similar scope to Hill's, published in 1617. Its title-page draws attention to the plans which it contains for "divers new knots for gardens"; and in the text "formes, mazes, and knots"—the designs for which are given as equally suitable for mazes—are classed together as garden embellishments, which are as numerous as the delight of men in such fancies is diverse.

Most of the "mazes," however, in these books, it is not surprising to note, are wanting in what we should now consider as the essential of a real garden-maze; for anyone who should enter therein, instead of being entirely shut out from anything to guide him, could clearly see where he was going to; and, moreover, had only to follow the path straight on where it led him eventually to reach the centre, in spite of all doublings and windings, instead of being frequently brought



ON THE PORCH AT LUCCA.



THE VERSAILLES LABYRINTH.

to a standstill and forced to turn back again by the stops, "shuts," and blind alleys—three old English words which we prefer to the use of the French word *cul-de-sac*—which lend whatever of curiosity or amusement is to be derived from going into a popular maze in the present day.

Nevertheless mazes by that time—that is, the beginning of the seventeenth century—had reached the stage when, from being nothing much more than curiosities of draughtsmanship, they were about to develop into garden ornaments of a most elaborate kind. The transition was foreshadowed by William Lawson in his "New Orchard and Garden," published in 1618, in which he declares of mazes that, "when they are well formed of a man's height, your friend may wander in, gathering berries, till he cannot recover himself without your help." The evolution from the graphic representations of the mediaeval monks to the eighteenth century garden maze is thus complete. Yet that Lawson was here conceiving what had then not yet been put into practice may be considered pretty certain, in that Bacon, in his essay on "Gardens," first published in 1625, wherein he enumerates all gardening fancies and delights, does not even mention the word. Nor is there any reference to mazes in those interesting accounts of English gardens contained in the records and diaries of travellers in England during the reigns of Elizabeth



MAZE ON THE FLOOR OF CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

and James I., collected by the late Mr. W. B. Rye in that delightful storehouse of curious information, "England as seen by Foreigners."

By the end of the reign of Charles I., however, the garden maze had probably approached its ultimate development; for the commissioners appointed by the triumphant Parliament, after the execution of the King, to survey the Royal parks and palaces, etc., in describing the gardens appurtenant to the manor of Wymbleton "late parcel of the possessions of Henrietta Maria, the relict and late Queen of Charles Stuart, late King of England," make special mention of the maze: "In the south of the said turfed tarras there are planted one great maze and one wilderness, which, being severed with one gravelled alley in or near the middle of the said turfed tarras, sets forth the maze to lie towards the east, and the wilderness towards the west. The maze consists of young trees, wood, and sprays of a good growth and height, cut out into several meanders, circles, semi-circles, windings and intricate turnings, the walks or intervals whereof are all grass plots. This maze, as it is now ordered, adds very much to the worth of the upper level."

But it was not until quite the end of the seventeenth, or the beginning of the eighteenth, century that the taste for garden mazes became thoroughly established in England, probably through the influence of Versailles, the gardens of which were then famous throughout Europe—especially for the wonderful labyrinth, the creation of Le Nôtre, of which a view is here reproduced from a contemporary engraving. Its description, given in Stephen Switzer's "Ichnographia Rustica," published in 1718, may be compared with the view. "At the end," he says, "of every walk, in the view as one passes along, are placed some of the fables of Aesop, which all of them are a continual entertainment to the ambulator. The walks are cut out in a wood; and so there is a considerable thickness of wood between hedge and hedge, which, in truth, is much better than our single hedges; besides, theirs are of quite another use and turn from

what ours are. Their way is fittest for very large spots of ground, but ours for small ones; but there is one thing particularly attends ours, which is the narrowness of the walks, which means the hedges must be always clipped."

The plan of the labyrinth is clearly shown in the accompanying illustration, from which it will be seen that at nearly every corner and intersection of the walks there was a fountain, sometimes with rockwork and marble and other ornaments, and frequently arbours and trellis-work. The Versailles labyrinth was destroyed in 1775.

In emulation of Versailles, and not without an influence of its own on English taste, was William III.'s garden at Loo, of which a view is here reproduced from "An Account of His Britannic Majesty's Palace and Gardens at Loo," by Dr. Walter Harris, the King's physician, published in 1699. In the course of Dr. Harris's description he refers to "the King's garden and another westward called 'the labyrinth,'" adding "There are other walks and turnings between the hedges, into which, when we have gone a little way, we are obliged to return into some of the former walks by the way we entered." This labyrinth is shown in the extreme left of the plate—beyond the "King's Garden," which lay on the west of the palace—and is indicated by an M, corresponding to the same letter at the bottom of the plate, opposite to which we find the word "wilderness." Opposite the letter N, in the same table, is the word "Another," i.e., "wilderness," referring to a similar sort of enclosure off the Queen's garden, on the extreme right or east.

This "wilderness," or labyrinth, is thus described by Dr. Harris: "On the east side of the Queen's garden there is another garden for retirement, with walks and hedges of witch elm, about 8ft. high, into which we do pass out of the former through a gate of wrought-iron, painted blew and gold." It is to be observed that in the above description "wilderness" is the word inscribed on the plan, while "labyrinth" is used in the text. But although they are here used interchangeably, they usually denote distinct things, as, for instance, in the Parliamentary Survey of Wymbleton, already cited. Each word seems to have been descriptive of the winding and doubling walks, flanked by high clipped hedges, which were so much in vogue at this time; but in a "wilderness" the walks seem to have enclosed small plantations, and to have formed thereof squares, ovals, circles, etc.; whereas in a "labyrinth," or "maze," the walks were arranged so as to produce the greatest possible intricacy of design, and the most perplexing number of turns and stops, in the smallest possible space. The word "wilderness," moreover, sometimes included the "maze," which, as at Hampton Court, formed part of it.

We must leave to a second article the subsequent development and history of mazes in England.

ON THE GREEN.

FOR the moment there is little to be done, except to see how Haskell balls jump and bound on a frozen ground, and to test their frost-resisting qualities. However, in the midst of the frost we still hear news of fresh golf grounds to be placed within reach of the Londoner. The latest addition is the green of the Oxshott and Leatherhead Golf Club, as it is called, of which all particulars are to be had from R. Mould, Esq., of Fairmile, Cobham, or of Dr. Dunbar Brunton, Leatherhead. Mr. Benson, of Woodlands Park, has permitted the laying out of an eighteen-hole course in the park. The frost does not, for the time being, permit much to be done in the way of improving a new course; but that will pass. Even while one writes the glass is going down with a run. That may mean an imminent thaw. There is an alternative, less pleasant, that it may mean a fall of snow. But a golfer, if he is to bear life at all, must be an optimist. According to a statement that I have seen in print, and which therefore must be true, the result of the tie between Mr. Graham and Mr. Hilton at Hoylake for the last scratch medal, ending as it did in Mr. Hilton's favour by a stroke, brings the total wins of scratch medals of the Royal Liverpool Club for the year at four for Mr. Graham, two for Mr. Hilton, "and the rest nowhere." It is a singular result, for the fields probably included Mr. Ball in most, if not in all, instances, and probably the amateur champion once or twice, not to speak of less important, but still formidable, people.

It is seldom that one hears a new golf story, and when one does it is never as good as the old ones; but, such as they are, and by way of passing the time while one waits for a thaw, here are two that I think are new. Both are examples of unconscious humour, and that is generally the best kind. It was on the occasion of the latest dinner of the Alpine Club, that is to say in mid-December, that one of these sayings was perpetrated. "No," said one of the guests in reply to a question, "I do not play golf. A year ago I was given three clubs, a putter, a driver, and a stony. I broke the putter and the driver, so I gave up golf, but I have the stony still." Unfortunately that this, which a golfer could so well dispense with, should be the one to be left! That is one story. In the other I played a personal part, for having occasion this last autumn to go from Deeside to the Braes of Angus, instead of rail-journeying round by Aberdeen and Forfar, I drove up Glenmuick, had my luggage strapped on a deer-saddle on pony-back, and walked eight miles over the forest to Glen Clova with a gillie leading the pony, where again there is a road, and where a wheeled vehicle met me. A bag of golf clubs was the crowning feature of the wondrous pile of luggage strapped and rigged on the pony's back. I had luncheon at the Lodge of Glendale, by the kind hospitality of its lessee, and found afterwards that I had been described by a lady saying in the house as having crossed the hill with my luggage strapped on a pony's back, and on top of it all—a golf links.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

MR. HERBERT MITCHELL'S SETTERS.

A GOOD setter is really a very beautiful object, and by "good" the writer does not necessarily mean handsome when looked at in repose. "Good," in the sense the sportsman uses the word, implies the absence of repose; restrained vitality is the essence of the business, and the more there is of both restraint and vitality the better. The proper balance between them is the chief care of the breeder, for if instinctive restraint goes the slightest bit too far, we have false pointing and its kindred creeping. The happy balance is obtained when the setter or pointer is bold in its range, because it is aware that its nose will protect it from inadvertently getting too near to game, if it is careful enough to make good all the ground behind before pressing forward. A good dog is known by its range, quite as much as by its pointing; perhaps more so, for the dog is the best judge of what he can do, and he will, if careful, accommodate the width of his cast to the length of his nose. Consequently, as it is easy to tell by his quartering and manner whether a dog is careful, it is no more difficult to tell the length of his nose by his own belief in it than it is to discover it by the length of his points. The good dog will



LINGFIELD DUCHESS.

vary his cast to suit the scent and the covert. The puppy that will do this like Lingfield Nell did at the spring field trials must be a good one; and as there are very few tip-toppers bred, when one sees such animals as Nell it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell some future successes. Neil's pedigree was given in these columns at the time of the spring field trials, where she made short work of most of her rivals, and will probably do it again some day.

But in these days of hot competition and uniformity of merit no dogs can go on winning time after time, as they could in the old days, more than a third of a century ago, when it was "Drake first and the rest nowhere." It need not be said that Nell has setter style; her photograph, taken by her proud owner, is far more eloquent than the pen, and is one of the best of a setter at work that has been seen. She belongs to Mr. Herbert Mitchell of Holly Bank, Bradford, and was broken by Lauder, who can generally show all there is in a dog to the field-trial judges. Mr. Mitchell has gradually been creeping up to the top of the tree, mostly, though, with pointers, and it was only a chance that prevented him coming to the top with pointers also this year; for Rumney Rena, the Field-Trial



LINGFIELD NELL.

Derby winner, and two others that ran almost as well, were puppies from one litter, and from Mr. Mitchell's now celebrated pointer dam, Lingfield Duchess. The puppies were by Mr. Butter's celebrated old dog, Faskally Bragg, since sold with the rest of that African explorer's good kennel; for although Mr. Butter did contemplate taking out a sheepdog, of marvellous merit, to round up the antelopes, he has never, it is believed, taken out Bragg to point elephants, although by the swagger manner in which that old stager points a partridge one might think the game was every bit as important as a hundredweight of ivory.

Lingfield Duchess, as can be seen by her photograph, is good to look upon. The question that was asked at the trials was, how is it Bragg's puppies have so much more quality than he has? The obvious thing to do is, "ask mamma," and the picture here-with may save even that trouble. Duchess is by Champion Devonshire Dan (403,579) from Leyfield Jewess (36,109). We are, I hope, likely to see some more of the sort. Rena is especially fast and quite a brilliant pointer; her new owner entered her in the all-aged as well as the puppy stake at the Lanark grouse trials, and there she got into the money, even amongst her seniors.

"OUR VILLAGE" and its NEIGHBOURHOOD.

ONE of the earliest of lovers of country life, who first unfolded the pages of Nature's book, was Mary Russell Mitford, to whose shrine we will make our pilgrimage, and try to see those same sights her kindly eyes beheld and her pen so sweetly and lovingly described. Dearly did she love her Berkshire home, the "Our Village" which she made so famous. "No prettier country could be found anywhere," she once said, "than the shady, yet sunny Berkshire, where the scenery, without rising into grandeur, or breaking into wildness, is so peaceful, so cheerful, so varied, and yet so thoroughly English." Nor was it only the trees and flowers that delighted her gentle spirit. She had a great love of humanity, a keen insight into the romance of rustic life. How graphically and with what affectionate interest does she describe her homely neighbours, and how fondly does she dwell on some little love story in the lives of her village youths and maidens. We can picture her neighbours as vividly as though we were living amongst them nigh a century ago. There is the retired publican, a substantial person with a comely wife, one who piques himself on independence and idleness, talks politics, reads newspapers, hates the minister, and cries out for reform. There is the village shoemaker, a pale, sickly-looking, black-haired man, the very model of sober industry; the thriving and portly landlord of The Rose, Miss Phœbe, the belle of the village, and a host of others who live again in the pages of "Our Village." She had a kindly interest for them all and wove romances about them, and could be very angry if her plans fell through and she discovered that "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley." I remember the wife of John W— telling me how vexed Miss Mitford was because John, who used to look after her garden, would not marry her maid, and preferred my informant, the present Mrs. W—.

"Our Village" is known as Three-Mile-Cross, three good miles from Reading, and three from Swallowfield, the home of the Russells, the story of which the present Lady Russell has so beautifully told. "Our famous county town" is often mentioned by Miss Mitford—and, indeed, she wrote a novel concerning it, and renamed the place "Belford Regis." To reach "Our Village" we must drive along the Basingstoke road which the authoress describes so well in her novel. She would hardly recognise modern Reading with its factories, though in her time it was "an antique borough which had recently been extended to nearly double its former size; so that it unites in no common degree



MISS MITFORD'S HOUSE IN "OUR VILLAGE."

the old romantic irregular structures in which our ancestors delighted with the handsome and uniform buildings which are the fashion nowadays." The turnpike gate at Whitley has gone, but there is still the "Long Row (the long, barn-like building, now partly destroyed, and partly turned into cottages, the old tithe barn of Reading Abbey), terminating with an old-fashioned and most picturesque public-house, with painted roof, and benches at the door and round the large elm before it—benches which are generally filled by thirsty wayfarers and waggoners watering their horses and partaking of a more generous liquor themselves."

And soon we come to the little Berkshire hamlet known throughout the world as "Our Village," a long, "straggling, winding street at the bottom of an eminence, with a road through it, always abounding in carts, horsemen, and carriages, and lately enlivened by a stage-coach from B— to S—, which passed through about ten days ago, and I suppose will return some time or other." It is not a very magnificent village, this "Our Village"; there is no venerable church, no village green. There is an inn with its sign-post, and about a dozen cottages, built of brick, a shop or two, and wheelwright's sheds. That is all! And the house itself, where she lived for thirty years, is now a temperance tavern, and at the back of the house, in the garden which she loved so well, once boasting of "its pinks and stocks and carnations, and its arbour of privet not unlike a sentry-box," stands "a tin tabernacle" or temperance hall, fitted up with the usual unsightly accessories. Miss Mitford tells us what her home looked like in her time. "A cottage—no, a miniature house, with many additions, little odds and ends of places, pantries, and what not; all angles, and of a charming in-and-outness; a little bricked court before one half, and a little flower-yard before the other; the walls, old and weather-stained, covered with hollyhocks, roses, honeysuckles, and a great apricot tree; the casements full of geraniums (Ah! there is our superb white cat peeping out from



Copyright A VILLAGE IN MISS MITFORD'S COUNTRY. "COUNTRY LIFE."

among them); the closets (our landlord has the assurance to call them rooms) full of contrivances and corner cupboards; and the little garden behind full of common flowers, tulips, pinks, larkspurs, pæonies, stocks, and carnations, with an arbour of privet where one lives in a delicious green light, and looks out on the gayest of all gay flower-beds." Such was the cottage as Miss Mitford knew it. Its present appearance can only be described as disappointing. One would like to see at least one room kept as Miss Mitford kept it, packed round with

books up to the ceiling, with some relics of the authoress which might be gathered together, with some portraits of her friends, Mrs. Trollope, Lady Russell, Mrs. Hofland, Miss Strickland, Mrs. Opie, Harriet Martineau, and Mrs. Jamieson, and sketches of the country she loved so well. A Mitford museum would indeed be a delightful addition to this poor modern temperance tavern. Here her parents died,

and are buried at Shinfield Church, about a mile away, the ancient tower of which rises above the trees in the distance. We need not follow the fortunes of her father, the poor thrifless doctor, who won £20,000 in a lottery, gambled and lived extravagantly, and brought himself and his family to poverty. He had lived in great style at Bertram House, Grazeley, about one mile from "Our Village," but you will look in vain for the house, as it has been pulled down. There is, however, a delightful grassy road lined with tall elms, which we must see, Miss Mitford's favourite haunt; and as I ride along it I sometimes seem to see her graceful figure seated on some fallen trunk, writing with her paper spread on her knee playing with her dog Dash or gathering the violets she loved so well.

Not far away is the "Old House at Aberleigh," which



Copyright MISS MITFORD'S COTTAGE AT SWALLOWFIELD. "COUNTRY LIFE."

used as the stables. The old church has lost its roof and is fallen into an overgrown ruin, save an aisle which has been spared to retain the memorials of the old families of Standen and Conroy. Across the park is the Grange, where the Conroys lived, Sir William Conroy, the Keeper of the Privy Purse of the Duchess of Kent, having retired here on the accession of Queen Victoria, who liked him not.

But we must hasten on to our heroine's last resting-place. In 1851 she deserted "Our Village" and moved to a cottage in Swallowfield, which has little changed since her day. The acacias still bloom beneath which she loved to sit and write. She tells of her migration from the old house to the new: "I walked from one cottage to the other in an autumn evening when the vagrant birds, whose habit of assembling there for



A HAMPSHIRE LANE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

their annual departure, gives, I suppose, the name of Swallowfield to the village, were circling over my head, and I repeated to myself the pathetic lines of Hayley, as he saw those same birds gathering under his roof during his last illness :

" Ye gentle birds that perch aloof
And smooth your pinions on my roof,
Prepare for your departure hence
Ere winter's angry threats commence ;
Lest you my soul would smooth her
plume
For longer flights beyond the tomb."

Here, in this little home, she received many visits from the lights of literature of her day. Charles Kingsley, from his rectory at Eversley, was the first to come to her, and they were mutually fascinated. She had heaps of friends. James Payne wrote that she seemed to have known everyone, from the Duke of Wellington to the last new verse-maker. But the great comfort of her closing years was her friendship with Lady Russell, widow of Sir Henry Russell, second baronet. Nothing could exceed the kindness this lady and her family bestowed upon her, which lightened the dreary hours of illness; and when the end came, and the brave, undaunted spirit winged its way hence, Lady Russell was watching by her side, holding her hand as she sank to rest.

One last pilgrimage remains—the quiet corner in Swallowfield Churchyard where Mary Russell Mitford sleeps beneath a granite cross. The flowers she loved grow around her still. In spite of all her sorrows and hard struggling, her path was always gay with flowers. Nor are we the only pilgrims here. Lovers of Nature, and of that sweet book which she opened wide for them, flock here from America and other lands whither her words have wandered. And thus we leave her, her warm heart resting and her busy hand, that wrote so much, lying in peace there, where the sun glances through the great elm trees in the beautiful churchyard of Swallowfield. P. H. DITCHFIELD.

HOUSE MOTTOES.

ONE of the matters of minor importance about a house, and yet possessing interest of its own, is that of the motto. Of course, it is not every house that possesses one, the matter being a question of taste on the part of the



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AN OLD COTTAGE AT SWALLOWFIELD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

original owner or builder. Our ancestors, who seldom missed an occasion of this kind for displaying their piety, were fond of writing sentences embodying some religious sentiment as the house motto. Examples innumerable may be given, as, for instance, in the following from Northamptonshire, collected, let us say, by Mrs. Caulfield, and published in her book recently issued by Elliot Stock:

" Here that earneth wages
By labour and care. By
The blessing of God may
Have something to spare.
T. B. 1618."

The second "by" should have begun the following line, but did not do so.

On the roof of the ancient castle of Rockingham, in the same shire, may be read the following :

" The house shal be preserved, and never will decay,
Where the Almighty God is honoured and served daye by daye."

As a matter of personal choice, however, we prefer a shorter motto, such as this, on a kind of memorial stone in Althorpe Park :

" Up, and be doing, and God will prosper."

From Buckinghamshire we get the following piece of wisdom inscribed on the doors of Harleyford, Marlow :

" If thou speakest evil of thy neighbour come not nigh the door of this house."

It is followed by the curious sentence :

" Peace on earth, goodwill towards women,"

which seems like a meditated snub to poor man.

Some of them are almost lugubriously solemn, as this :

" As creatures passing from time to eternity, let us remember our bed may be the bridge."

At Folkesworth, near Stilton, Huntingdonshire, a poet, who did not seem very particular about his aspirants, has inscribed the following :

" I . Ham . a . cunen . Fox
You . see . ther . his .
No . harm . atched .
To . me . It . is . my . Mrs .
Wish . to . place . me .
Here . to . let . you . no .
He . sells . good . Beere ."

But the favourite motto found both in England and Scotland is this :

" 1652 God's providence is mine inheritance. 1652."

At Haddon Hall, in Cheshire, one finds this pithy sentence :

" Drede God, and honour the king."

Wales does not, in slang language, pan out well in the matter of mottoes, but here is one :

" When friends meet, hearts warm," which comes from Flintshire.



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THE LODDON IN SWALLOWFIELD PARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

[Jan. 24th, 1903]

Scotland is more productive. On the front of an old building in Cowgate, Edinburgh, is to be found this inscription :

"Gif we deid as we sould,
We myght haif as we woud."

In the Old Bank Close, on the house of Robert Gourlay, the following legend is printed :

"In the is al my traist. 1569."

In the manse of John Knox in the Netherbow, where he lived from 1560 till his death in 1572, we find this :

"Lyse. God. abvse. al. and. yi. nycthoir. (as). yi. self."

Ireland furnishes a considerable number of mottoes, the most interesting of which is to be found in the ancient city of Galway. This town has four gates facing respectively north, south, east, and west, and on each was a legend. That facing north bore the words :

"From the ferocious O'Flaherty,
Good Lord, deliver us!"

On the south gate :

"From the devilish O'Dalys,
Good Lord, defend us!"

On the east gate :

"From the cut-throat O'Kellys,
Good Lord, save and keep us!"

And on the west gate :

"From the murderous O'Maddens,
Good Lord, preserve us!"

These are a few examples of the mottoes of our great grandfathers. They may not be in every case worth keeping, but they are well calculated to serve as models to those who, building a house at the present time, wish to place some writing on the wall. Really, if one comes to think of it, there was no reason in the past for this pleasant proceeding that does not hold quite good even in this late century. It is an ancestral fashion from the imitation of which no evil can befall.

IN THE . . . GARDEN.

UNDUE DWARFING AN EVIL.

AS we have before pointed out, there are, unhappily, always a few people who are ready to make captious criticism, and who may be inclined to say that we advocate straggling plants. We desire to say, most emphatically, that this is not the case. We desire to see in gardens, and to urge seed-growers to produce, the most beautiful plants in every case. If by nature the plant has a fairly good flower and a straggling growth, it is the business of the seed-grower to select his stock till the habit has come to just that which is the most beautiful, but not to go beyond this, as has so often been done, still less, for the sake of having a "novelty" to offer, to put forward any debased or artificial form of a good plant, as has lately been done in the case of the Foxglove. There is a tendency to give undue preference to the dwarfed forms of that grand late autumn plant the French Marigold, whose larger kind is of incomparable beauty in mild seasons. The dwarfed kinds so well grown in Scotland also have their uses; but it should be remembered that there are plenty of other plants of about the same stature, including *Tagetes signata*, *pumila* and *T. lucida* (a capital plant, much too little known), also dwarf forms of *Zinnia elegans* and *Z. haageana*, whereas there is nothing of the same late season of French Marigold of its own stature and effect. The fine African Marigold, it should be remembered, is over by the end of September.

MISTLETOE AND MISSEL THRUSH.

We were looking through the pages of our excellent contemporary the *Garden* recently, and noticed a note from the well-known Daffodil hybridist, the Rev. G. H. Engleheart, who refers to the derivation of the name Mistletoe. It is mentioned that "It is almost certain that it cannot mean the 'dropped' plant. Ancient plant names are always from much simpler characteristics than this; they were given by earlier races just in the way children now give names, from some feature obvious to first sight, touch, taste, or smell. The radical sense of the Gothic word *mist*, *clay* or *dung*, is sticky, adhesive, and the same root is found in several Scandinavian words for glue, cement, etc. There is little doubt that the Mistletoe means the sticky or birdlime plant. No one could handle Mistletoe berries for the first time without noticing how they stuck his fingers together, and they are commonly used in the manufacture of birdlime. It is stated in Yarrell and most standard works on ornithology that misseil thrush is

an abbreviation of Mistletoe thrush, because the bird eats the berries. This quite erroneous guess is, unfortunately, stereotyped in the scientific name *Turdus viscivorus*, and is an excellent instance of a false popular derivation. Misself thrush means simply the large thrush, from the Anglo-Saxon *micel*, great. Words containing the same root, and illustrating the gradual softening of the hard consonant, are mickle (common in Shakespeare's time for great), mighty, much, most, and many others. These mistaken etymologies are mischievous when they give rise to statements founded on names and not facts, such as that 'the food of this thrush consists chiefly of Mistletoe berries.'

GRASS OR CULTIVATED LAND UNDER FRUIT TREES.

In the Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society for September is a practical note about the value of Grass or cultivated land under fruit trees, and as we are asked occasionally the same question, the reply will doubtless be helpful to many readers :

"We are frequently being asked by intending planters of orchards whether it is better to have the land cultivated or Grass under the trees. And, again, a correspondent writes that he finds the expense of constantly cultivating the ground amongst his fruit trees so great compared with what it would be under Grass, he would therefore like to have our opinion as to whether it would not be better to sow fine Grass seeds over the whole, and thus save the expense of hoeing, etc. The answer is a very emphatic No! All fruit-growers who have tried the two methods have found that hardy fruit trees on cultivated land are far more vigorous and healthy and prolific; they produce larger and better fruit, and are also more free from insect attacks, than trees growing on Grass land. When trees are on cultivated ground they get the benefit of all the rainfall; and the constant moving of the surface soil during the summer months lessens the drying power of the sun on the land, as will be seen if the loose surface soil is moved, a more or less moist soil being found just below owing to evaporation having been arrested. Further, the constant stirring of the soil exposes insects and their larvae to the keen eyes of birds, toads, and such-like, and the attack of such pests must naturally be greatly reduced. On

the other hand, with Grass a very large proportion of the rainfall never reaches the roots of the fruit trees at all, and it would be difficult to estimate how much plant food is absorbed by the roots of the Grass; the consequence is that the roots of the trees are driven downwards in search of food and moisture, and if they come in contact with some unsuitable layer of soil—as they frequently do—canker follows, or stunted unhealthy growth, with correspondingly inferior crops. Grass also affords a splendid harbour for insects and their larvae, which only wait for a favourable opportunity to attack the trees in legions and play havoc with the fruit and foliage. Many other arguments could be brought forward in favour of cultivated ground, but enough has been stated to show that Grass land is not the most economical for modern fruit culture."

A NOTE ON WINTER SWEET.

A well-known flower gardener writes: "At this season of the year how much poorer our gardens would be without the sweet-smelling hardy Japanese shrub, *Chimonanthus fragrans*, or Winter Sweet. It deserves a place in every garden where fragrant flowers are in request, and lasts well in winter in the open. If planted against a south wall and sheltered a little from the north and north-east wind the flowers will last from December to February. I know of no plant that will stand cutting better than this; in fact, the more it is cut the better it will flower. It will thrive in almost any soil, but prefers a mixture of loam and old mortar rubbish. Plants may be procured from almost any nurseryman; they are usually kept in pots, and may be planted now with perfect safety."

WILD WHITE VIOLETS.

We well remember when visiting Huntercombe, the home of "E. V. B." (the Hon. Mrs. Boyle), the "Wild White Violets," fragrant weeds that were allowed to wander here, there, and everywhere, and the reference to them in her charming paper about "weeds" contributed to a recent number of the Royal Horticultural Society's Journal is to the writer of special interest, and probably so to others. "E. V. B." declares the Wild White Violets are the "most lovely and most native among all the natural weeds of my garden."

"Against these there is no law. In February and March the whole garden is white with them in every part, and in the Grass at the north-east end and under the Apple trees you would almost think there had been a hailstorm, so white and thick the White Violets lie. But it is only Violets and Wood Strawberries that may spread and multiply at will like this. Without question the Violets are native to the place. Wood Strawberries were brought home for remembrance, from the old grey walls of a little church in Hampshire, about a quarter of a century ago. They seed now everywhere and are welcome; and they forget not the old church walls whence came their parent plant, and will climb joyfully all among the *Linaria Cymbalaria*, or Mother of Thousands, or Wandering Sailor, to the top of our ivied buttresses 6ft. high and more. A little Barren Strawberry has been my pet for years. For many years it has lived close under the house wall, creeping up supported by Wild Ivy, looking very pretty, with an embroidery of humble little blossoms. And only lately have I learnt that it is no Strawberry at all, but *Potentilla Fragariastrum*."

AN UNCOMMON WYCH OR WITCH HAZEL.

When strolling round the Royal Gardens, Kew, recently this *Hamamelis* was noticed in flower. It is still rare, for the good reason that it is new, having



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only been in commerce for two or three years, and that is "new" for a shrub. *H. mollis* was discovered by Dr. Henry in the Hupch Province of Central China, where it is said to make a tree from 10ft. to 30ft. high. The large oval leaves form a distinct feature, as they are covered with dense silky hairs. The flowers open earlier than those of the Japanese Wych Hazels, and have wider petals, terminated with a slight hook, and are not so twisted as in the three other species which constitute the family. It seems to grow well, but unfortunately starts into growth early, and is apt to suffer from the late spring frosts. The sharp frost of last May damaged this *Hamamelis* considerably, other kinds suffering slightly. *H. arborea* is the best known and most charming of the group. The leafless shoots are covered in January when the weather is mild with golden yellow twisted flowers, which seem to sparkle in the light of a winter day.

SEASONABLE JOTTINGS.

Adonis amurensis is flowering. This is one of the more recent introductions, and though scarcely so fine as our old favourite *A. vernalis*, it is very good, and possesses the distinct advantage of being well to the fore. The Japanese have taken this plant in hand, and have raised varieties, double as well as single, of many colours—scarlet, purple, white, and yellow—and it has a book, well illustrated, all to itself in Japanese garden literature. This species comes from Manchuria and was treated at first as a cool-house plant at Kew, but it seems perfectly happy without any protection in the rock garden, where the sturdy growths are pushing up and showing their yellow petals encircled by the dark

brown calyx. The leaves are finely cut, as in most of the genus, and the plant is vigorous, but varies in growth from a few inches to 1½ ft. in height.

Wall Climbers.—Attend to these without delay. No hard-and-fast rules can be laid down as to the actual manner in which the different climbing plants ought to be pruned and trained, because circumstances and the position in which they are growing have much to do with this, but the chief consideration is to prevent the plants becoming overcrowded. Such as *Jasmine* and the *Crataegus Pyracantha Lelandii* should be slightly spurred every winter, while others require the knife but little—perhaps only in removing weakly growths. The more tender Roses should be left untouched for another three or four weeks.

Ivy on Trees.—Strip this off all valuable trees; it is an evil, and undoubtedly hinders growth.

Fruit Trees.—These can be planted when the weather is suitable, and the same remark applies to Roses.

Lenten Roses will soon be blooming, and, indeed, are now. The flowers soon flag unless the glass is kept well filled with water and the stems are slit up some distance. They require plenty of water.

MESSRS. RICHARD SMITH AND CO.'S BULB LIST.—We have received this excellent bulb list from Messrs. Smith and Co. of Worcester. It contains much useful information, and the lists of varieties are handy to those who are making up their collections.

THE PYTCHLEY.

THERE is no Hunt in England which has felt the changes of the times more than the Pytchley. Everything within its borders has altered in the last fifty years. Many of the houses have changed hands, and many of the old school of Northamptonshire tenants and yeomen, like the Tophams and Gilberts, have passed away. Not all those who have taken their places have the same enthusiasm for hunting as their predecessors, and some of the best of the country is marred by wire.

Looking at the picture "Passing Castle Hill," in the road you may see Lord Spencer, with whose name all that is best in the Pytchley country and its history is connected. In the foreground is a fair Northamptonshire ox fence, but there is no one bold enough in that field to cross it, for the camera tells no pleasant fibs, and a keen eye can trace a strand of wire along its top. But for wire the Pytchley would be a hunting man's paradise. But we think that of all the countries that could have been selected by fashion it is not the most suitable for a crowd.

The pastures are in the best part not very large, the villages and the lanes and bridle paths are numerous, and



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THE MEET AT YELVERTOFT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

thus there is every opportunity for spoiling a run. From Stanford to the Hemplow there is generally room for a crowd, but then there is wire enough even in the best of the country to prevent a number of people spreading out; thus the assemblies are concentrated every now and again at certain gateways and gaps, getting in one another's way, and increasing the charges on the damage fund. Luckily the Pytchley does not draw a crowd every day in the week, but everywhere within the limits of the country there is pleasant riding ground and stout foxes for sport. Moreover, the Pytchley have a great variety of country, more plough than Mr. Fernie's, more grass than the Warwickshire, and splendid woodlands for cub-hunting; there is something for everyone's taste. The real misfortune lies in the fact that it is so accessible from populous towns.

From its natural features the Pytchley is a country for a moderate-sized field of well-mounted and bold men; but the towns within or on its borders make it the holiday ground of large crowds, especially about Christmas-time. Nothing affects this. Subscriptions are raised, the meets are not advertised, but, as it seems



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LORD ANNALY SPEAKING TO THE HOUNDS.

"C.L."



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AT LILBOURNE VILLAGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to us, the crowds on fashionable days grow bigger every year. The Pytchley, however, has always been a country that attracted visitors, as the very earliest lists of its members show. There have been in its history many Masters and very frequent changes of hounds. Two Masters, "Gentleman" Smith and Mr. Naylor, had to hunt the country with scratch packs, and both managed to show some good sport.

In recent days the most noteworthy Masterships have been those of Lord Spencer and Mr. Wroughton. If the former had not given himself to politics he would have been an ideal Pytchley Master. The great local position of the owner of Althorp, his family connection with the Hunt, and his own many gifts, marked him out as the right man. Then, too, no one can doubt that his heart is in the chase, and in the picture of the meet at Yelvertoft there is an excellent portrait of him on the left facing the spectators. Next to him is Lord Annaly, the present Master, then Mr. Cumberland Bentley, who is the poet of the Hunt, besides being a straight rider. In the foreground is a part of the famous bitch pack. Yelvertoft is a favourite fixture on the Rugby side. From there such world-renowned coverts as Lilbourne or Crick may be drawn, and the scarcely less famous Hemplow will possibly give the afternoon fox.

They are a first-rate pack, with nose, drive, and tongue, bred during the Mastership of Mr. W. M. Wroughton and while Isaacs (the brother of Mr. Fernie's huntsman) has been carrying the horn. They have many fine qualities,

and combine many great strains of blood, especially those which, with Blankney as the taproot and Belvoir grafted thereon, made the famous Woodland Pytchley pack, which Mr. Austen Mackenzie took nineteen years to build up. But Mr. Wroughton never forgot that tongue is generally correlated with hunting powers, and to this day the Pytchley and the Woodland Pytchley (which latter pack is Mr. Wroughton's own property, and is lent to that Hunt) are noted for their charming music. The present Master of the Pytchley is Lord Annaly, who is shown in two of our pictures. In one he is greeting his hounds, while Lord Spencer looks on, one might almost fancy, with a certain wistfulness. What are other careers and their disappointments to compare with the satisfactions of that of a Master of Hounds? No doubt the M.F.H. has his cares, but he has always his hounds, fascinating and delightful companions each of them, during their too brief span of life. Of Lord Annaly's Mastership this is not the place to speak, for he has his name to make. We know him as a keen sportsman, a very straight rider, and one who mounts his men well. Holdenby House, a famous historic place, belongs to Lady Annaly, and he has thus that connection of family and



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GOING TO DRAW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

property with the Hunt which is so valuable to a Master of Hounds. Behind the Master's horse can be seen Mr. Gee, one of the best of the Hunt supporters and welcome visitor to Mr. Fernie's Monday country. We have said that time and its changes have uprooted many families noted in the annals of the Hunt since the Earl Spencer of 1750 established the Hunt on a firm basis. Still, however, some of the old names remain—

the Knightleys, whose forebear, Sir Charles, planted Crick Covert in 1819. His leap on Sir Marinel over a fence and brook below Brixworth is still remembered. "Knightley's Leap" it is called to this day. The Lord Braye of Stanford, whose coverts are so valuable to the Wednesday country, still represents the Otway Caves. There are, too, some famous names of farmers left—Mr. Drage, Mr. Cowley of Braybrooke, among others. Then there are many people who, having come to hunt, or drawn to Rugby by the polo, have ended by buying or leasing houses and settling down.

Northamptonshire seems to me always to be the ideal place for an English country life. Nor must we forget the ladies who hunt with the Pytchley now or who have hunted in the past. Mrs. Arthur of Desborough was one of the first ladies to ride straight to hounds when the accomplishment was rarer than it is now. Squires, Mr. Naylor's huntsman, speaks in his reminiscences with undisguised admiration of her gifts as a horsewoman. In the present day there have been several who have rivalled, if not surpassed, her; and Miss Dawkins, Miss Naylor, Mrs. Buckmaster (with her husband, the great polo player, to give her a lead), Mrs. Brecks, Lady Southampton, and many others, have upheld the credit of the white collar. The Pytchley has had a long succession of famous huntsmen. There was, of course, Dick Knight and Charles King. Then came Mr. Masters of Pitsford, a most successful amateur. Mr. Osbaldeston once hunted his pack here, and we have all read of him. "Gentleman" Smith, the author of "The Diary of a

Huntsman," carried the horn for two seasons. Charles Payn was huntsman for a number of years. He was Whyte Melville's favourite huntsman, and a most splendid horseman, "sitting more firmly than any other man would be strapped on." Of all the huntsmen of history he and Tom Firr were best able to show sport to a big field. There was a considerable likeness between the two famous huntsmen, if we may judge by their portraits, both in appearance and method.

Payn, of course, belonged to an older generation. After Payn came Mr. Anstruther Thomson, whose Mastership is made for ever famous by the Waterloo Gorse run. This was, however, though begun in the Pytchley, actually run over what is now Mr. Fernie's country. Lord Spencer succeeded Mr. Naylor as

Master, and he brought Will Goodall to the Pytchley, the worthy son of a most excellent father. Goodall's early death was much regretted. To him succeeded John Isaacs, the present huntsman, good in the kennel and the field. If we were asked if the Pytchley was a good scenting country, we should be inclined to say that it is not the equal of, say, the Cottesmore or the Tynedale, the two best we know. There is a theory in the district that the Pytchley seldom have a serving scent the season through, but that either before or after Christmas there is sure to be a period of good scent and brilliant runs. So far this has been our experience, and that the best time is generally after Christmas. In any case it is a splendid hunting country, and only second, and that for temporary reasons, to the Quorn or the Cottesmore.

Y.



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CROSSING A STREAM.

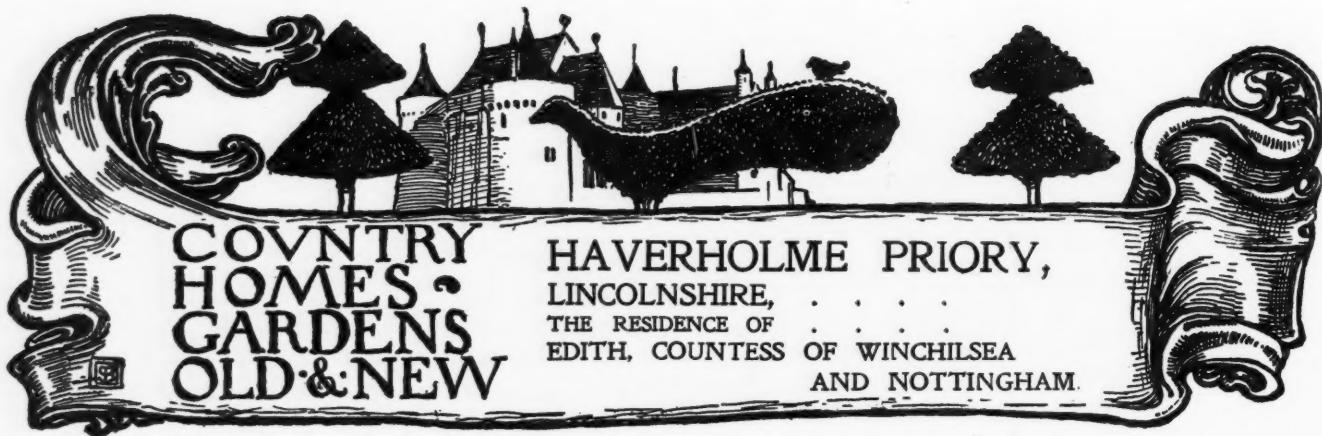
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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PASSING CASTLE HILL.

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THE history of Haverholme Priory carries the mind back to one of the most interesting periods in the annals of monasticism in England, and the stone coffins which we illustrate serve to remind us of the good men who lived here long ago. When the spirit of pious discontent at what was thought laxity grew up in the Benedictine house of St. Mary's at York, there were some who, in the words of the chronicler, were "ashamed to settle down on the hither side of perfection, to have tarried so long in the borders of Moab, and put up with an heritage beyond Jordan." There was Richard, the sacrist, and there were Ralph and Gamel, Gregory and Hamo, Thomas and Waltheof, and there was Gervase who was yet to be the founder of a house at Haverholme. When Archbishop Thurstan had helped and supported the discontented brethren to establish their house upon the stricter Cistercian rule by the Yorkshire Skell, which afterwards grew into the stately fane of Fountains, there were two who went forth with misgiving, and who appear, when hardships threatened, to have longed for the fleshpots of Egypt. Gervase and Ralph turned back, but the courage of the first was strengthened, and he threw in his lot with the brethren at Fountains, while only Ralph, to quote the chronicler again, "made a covenant with his flesh, and his belly clave to the earth." Fountains at first was merely a wild hollow in the hills, "fitted to be a lair of wild beasts rather than a home for men," but the Cistercians "made the desert smile," and when colonies were sent out, it was Gervase who went to establish a house at Haverholme. He had been invited thereto by Bishop Alexander of Lincoln, and thus, as one writer says, "the backslider becomes once more visible to us as we gaze into the

beryl-stone of the soul of history, and we can think of him among the many to whom, for our comfort, victory has been given in spite, as it were, of themselves."

The place to which Gervase and his brethren resorted had been termed "Holm" or "Island" in Domesday, but it was presently known as Hufreholme, or Hafreholme. It was in truth a dreary place to which to come from the wooded dale of the Skell, for all around was spread the gloomy fen, and nothing was there to break "the level waste, the rounding grey"—*locus vasta solitudinis et horroris*. The Sleaford River divides into two branches a few miles from the town, and then joins again further on, making an island of about 300 acres, about which the waters creep. In those days, when no drainage had been introduced, and when the country was mostly a level marsh, the monks fought against many difficulties, and, after erecting some buildings there, prayed to be removed to a more propitious locality, and were established in the neighbourhood of Louth. But Bishop Alexander did not despair of converting Haverholme to pious uses, and presently he gave it to that order just established by Gilbert of Sempringham in Lincolnshire. Thus it happened that the Gilbertines took up the work which the Cistercians had laid down. Two years had seemed to show that the dreary swamp was unsuitable, and the new place at Louth was doubtless better. The Gilbertines, however, went manfully to work, built a church, and erected all necessary structures. Many benefactors came to help them, and some gifts were bestowed on the house. It is asserted, though the evidence appears to be slender, that Archbishop Thomas à Becket fled to Haverholme in 1164 from the anger of his Sovereign, guided



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THE WEST FRONT.

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Jan. 24th, 1903.]



TERMINAL OF THE GREEN WALK.

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THE FOUNTAIN AND CONSERVATORY.

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thither by a monk who knew the country well. The monastery took its part in the draining of the marshland, and provided a ferry boat as a public passage for the King's liege subjects passing from Kesteven to the River Witham. There were houses both for monks and nuns, which attained a moderate degree of prosperity, and against them no allegations were made; but the Priory was suppressed by Henry VIII., and surrendered in 1539, when the prior and six Gilbertine canons gave up their possessions.

The site was granted to Lord Clinton, who alienated moieties to Robert Carre and William Thorold, and Sir Edward Thorold, of the family of the latter, died seized of Haverholme Grange in 1604. The Abdys succeeded the Clintons, and next came Sir John Shaw, Baronet, who seems to have possessed all the land of Haverholme, and who sold the place to Sir Samuel Gordon in 1763. A house was standing at the time, and Sir Jenison William Gordon, second Baronet, made extensive additions about a century ago, in what was intended to be the ancient style. It was in fact a poor imitation of it. When the owner died the estate passed by will to the late Earl of Winchilsea on certain conditions. Great improvements were made, and the house, as we now see it, is a creditable specimen of modern work. It was produced by casing the old mansion with Ancaster stone, and adding the elevated terraced garden which is so great an adornment to the place.

It is difficult to realise now how Gervase and his brethren could have fled in despair from a region which is so beautiful. Nature, it is true, has done little for the place by giving any notable configuration to the ground, but the level area is cultivated, and somewhat richly wooded, so that the ancient character no longer is found there, and umbrageous expanses and well-kept gardens extend where was anciently the marshy flat. The east terrace, with its aloes in pots, and its beautiful turf, was certainly a very valuable addition to the house, and serves to show that terraced effects may be gained even in level regions. The lawn on the east front is diversified with gay flower-beds, and



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THE MONKS' BURIAL GROUND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fine yew hedges have been grown and cut, and some of our pictures will show how very excellent they are. The bowling green, with its well-kept turf, is a delightful resort. A conservatory, somewhat rich in its architecture, is well filled with lovely things.

On the south side is a large deer park in the parish of Ewerby, which is well stocked with game, and is beautiful and varied beyond expectation. It is separated from the home garden by a branch of the Sleaford River, and is approached from the house by passing over the Nuns' Bridge. This broad expanse of land adorned with clumps of fine trees, and with the river flowing between, is a fine object from the terrace and windows of the house.

The foundations of the old Priory, which have been uncovered, show that the buildings were extensive. On the east side of the present mansion are several stone coffins, which we illustrate, and which contain the bones of former dwellers at the



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BRIDGE TO THE PRIORY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Priory. Fragments of painted glass have also been discovered, with other small relics. A few years ago the foundations were investigated on the west side of the present mansion, when several courses of dressed stones were discovered, which enabled the plan of the monastery to be further elucidated. No part of the Priory appears to be built up in the present structure.

Lincolnshire is a county in which many noblemen and gentlemen have their seats. It is not everywhere level, and in some parts is both diversified and picturesquely wooded, but wherever its mansions are found, they are always neighboured by well-kept grounds, and Haverholme Priory is no exception to the rule. There is a lesson in the character of its gardens. It is that with imperfect material great successes may be achieved, and that the builder and gardener may with success make opportunities for themselves. As to the architecture of the house, we cannot assign it a high place. It was built at a time when old English architecture was very little understood,

and when details were reproduced though the spirit was lost. The real charm is in the surroundings and in the admirable state of perfection in which they are kept.

**WHERE . . .
THE ROSEMARY'S
. . . WILD.**

STRANGE that when the traveller who returns describes to you the country he has visited, he almost invariably leaves out the salient feature that would most surely arouse your interest. Of all the people I have known who have told me of their visits to the Riviera, no single soul ever mentioned to me that there the rosemary grows wild. They will buy and send to you violets and boxes of scarlet anemones—the lovely fulgens we can grow at home—but themselves return from the land of the myrtle and the trap-door spider without a phrase to picture the wild stuff of the hills.

For myself, a place forms its outline in my imagination from the books written about it. The Riviera has produced, so far as I know, only one book of an imaginative or poetical character, and that is not a book of to-day or even yesterday. True, there are models of a jejune order, whose "heroes" and "heroines" disport themselves at Monte Carlo. The villas of Russian Countesses are told of, and some impression of many roses is gathered; the magazines have articles of how scent-flowers are grown at Hyères; but of the books that appeal, that make you want to go to a place, that make you feel a place has things for you in it, the Riviera is barren. Yet it is the wild nature of the Riviera that would draw me to it again, and no other thing at all.

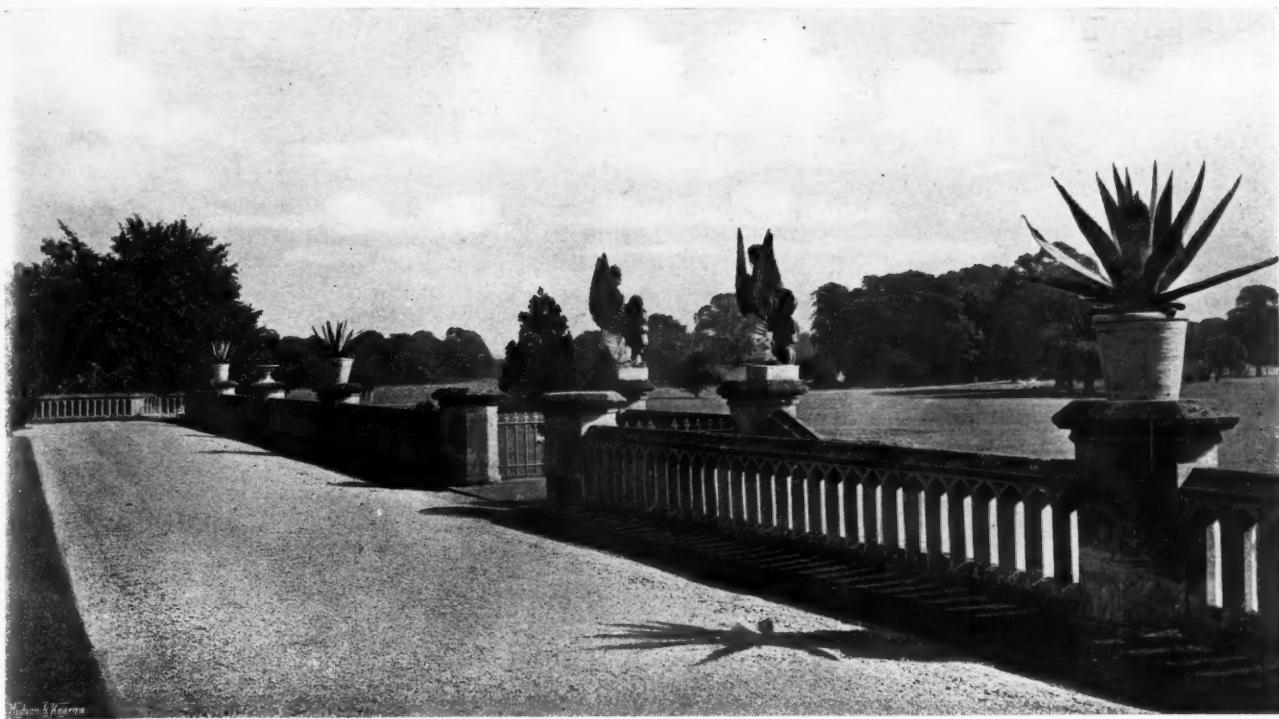
Flashing through the country on a high-powered Mors motor, you have a purview unequalled. You are in Ruffin's country. All the way, as I watched the terraced hillsides that pitch sharply or slope softly from the Corniche road to the blue lip



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THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

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HAVERHOLME PRIORY: THE EAST TERRACE AND PARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the Mediterranean, I thought of the one book that has poetised that corner of the world for me—the novel "Doctor Antonio," written fifty years ago, but fresh and charming to-day as a spray of that wild rosemary. My copy is the reprint, published in 1890, in the "Masterpieces of Foreign Authors' Series" (David Stott), and the copy bears this inscription: "To my dear daughter. . . . A book I have always loved." It is a fine sample of the romantic novel in its mid-Victorian expression, and because it is romance it can never grow old.

If it be wondered that the trap-door spider so excites my interest, I have to say that he and his house hold in my memory by a filament that stretches over nearly thirty years. Amongst my very earliest pleasures was a sight of his nest, neatly cut from some clay bank, and stored in a cabinet of Chinese lacquer of exceeding beauty; there were pointed out to me the bevel of his door and the closeness of his hinge. Though many childish fingers have handled that marvel since, it lies in the same cabinet to this hour, and nothing is lost of its attractions. He builded, that long-mouldered spider, not better than, but every whit as well as, he knew—and that was perfectly. Styles do not change, for above perfection there is no summit, and some day I shall find the fellow to his lidded cavern.

The orange trees sit primly behind a wind-break of black cypresses—both of them trees loved by the arts, for the orange is the tree you find in tapestries, its fruits set stiffly at intervals upon its flat circumference—the only tree I know that holds its fruit proudly and decoratively to the light; and the cypress has ever whispered to the poet. "Death's lean uplifted forefinger," said Browning; "the only faithful mourners for the dead," wrote Byron (and I have the line only in memory, and trust I say sooth), for cypresses watch in every graveyard from here to the Sea of Marmora and Turkey's shore. The lemon shades its more drooping fruits, and there is no green quite so vivid as the green of young lemons. Heliotrope breaks between the stone palisades of villas and a hedge of China roses hold their faces open for the white dust of the great road to fill. A motor has three characteristics that are so far insufficiently sung. Its pace (nothing under thirty miles an hour is being thought of here) has the exhilaration and stimulus of a train, and there are no other people in it. It is a train with only you for passenger. It is a train that goes upon a road—not an arbitrary line, but a road that was before ever trains or motors were; and it is a

train that you can stop. Who has not suffered from the desire to stop trains? Who has not been whirled past pieces of country that it would be a dream to linger in? Who has not strained every nerve to read the name of the next station after that alluring scene is past, and said, "Now, if I got out *there*—some day when I've time—I could drive back to that enchanting spot?" And who has ever done so? So impossible is it to recover or retrace impressions of such fleeting sort one grows to believe the places do not really exist; are some possession of the railway mind; they smile to one in dreams, that are not real, as "carriage-window country." Your motor materialises all such scenes for the mere price of a tap on the shoulder of your chauffeur! And his frown—I should not omit his frown!—for the chauffeur of a really fast car on a road like the Corniche does not love to stop. But his frown may be made good to him in francs, and anyway you soon forget it when you bury your face in that rosemary. Everywhere among the grey rocks, those round whitish lumps that build the edges of the terraces, are the little bushes, in December bursting with lavender flower. A dozen tiny shrubs I do not know, beaded with berries pink, crimson, and orange, any of which would be a specimen bush in an English garden; trails of pale-eyed periwinkles; myrtles—the large-leaved and



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THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the small and the smaller; in the walls that silver-backed fern which is a kind of polypody, and grows amidst very similar stone walls in Gloucestershire; in the caves the maidenhair, which is beautiful by itself, and so tedious behind flowers as one used to see it in the seventies. Here and there you buy a knot of orange-buds from the hand of some small child, and you need never be without a sprig of it upon your breast to perfume all the day.

Here is Roquebrune, the little ginger-coloured town, s'enna roofed, that perches above the olive woods of Cap Martin. What associations names have! A hoarse shout comes back to my ear's memory, "Rockbroon, Rocky-broon," and then the starting-price, for Roquebrune was the name of a race-horse, and the first time I ever watched the comedy of "the old firm" of "bookies" at Epsom he was running; I have never thought of the name from that day, long ago, to this. But the car is mounting, mounting one of the finest roads in France—that country of fine roads; mounting the easy zigzags to La Turbie; whizzing powerfully up to the corner, facing full at the abyss, with a patch of blue sky between its lamps; turning as kindly as a pad-horse on the rein. Forty miles an hour along the barren top of the hill, and then the plunge to Beaulieu at a high pace. On just such a descent as this, but nearer to Bordighera, was Sir John Davenne's noble travelling carriage overturned when the front horse of five resented the splinter bar beating against his hind legs. It is the opening chapter of "Doctor Antonio" I am thinking of. Then Lucy Davenne's leg was broken, and the long stay at the simple Osteria necessitated where the idyll of her love for the Italian doctor was begun. I see many houses that might be the very Osteria, with its bush over the gate, of that old story.

Between Beaulieu and Nice, made gardens and nursery gardens are frequent. A few rods of ground will be set with palms the size, and at the intervals, of cabbages; verily the ball-room palm and its superior cousins are enormously esteemed

here, but to my eye no formal villa garden or hotel forecourt shows the palm at its best; palms call for the desert and the sand; who has seen them in Egypt, miraculously grouped beside silver slips of water that the Nile's flood left, has seen them in their real setting. Hedges of bamboo make a wind-break along the sea-road near Antibes, and a wind-break in which you can hear Pan piping.

"Sweet, sweet, piercing sweet
Down in the reeds by the river,"

a couplet—mangled it may be, but sweet in my ear—of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's, recurs to me, and just there is the river. "Some other day" (ah, for that other day that never comes!) I am to get out of the car and follow the river, back through the pine trees to the mysterious inland country streams keep about them.

You cannot pass along the purple shore of Antibes on your way home from Cannes without thinking of Grant Allen, who so loved it, and knew every flower that grew and moss that hid in its sea-washed woodlands. Look where you will in all this favoured littoral, there stands the sign, *Terrain à vendre*, and in imagination I have bought and built a hundred times in the two hours. But I would not, were I a millionaire, plant full-grown palms, warranted to grow bunches of orange-coloured fruits next year. I would go to Cap Martin, and erect a simple cottage amongst the largest and oldest and greyest olives I could find. There, from a sage-green shelter, I would look out upon what Swinburne somehow saw as "the tideless, dolorous, midland sea," which is to me a bath of sun-pierced lapis-lazuli. The myrtles and the periwinkles trailing by their feet would be undisturbed; oranges and lemons should be set for perfume; there should be enough land behind and around me to ensure my never seeing any of the people who come to the Riviera, and whole days would be spent watching and waiting for the trap-door spider in that fragrant country where the Rosemary's wild.

M. M. D.

THE PASSING SHIP.

AMONG the most haunting lines of Tennyson, that one, the "stately ships pass by to their haven under the hill," is one of the most beautiful and pictorial, and many other writers have grasped that something of beauty and mystery which ships seem to carry with them, ships that sail by day as well as ships that pass in the

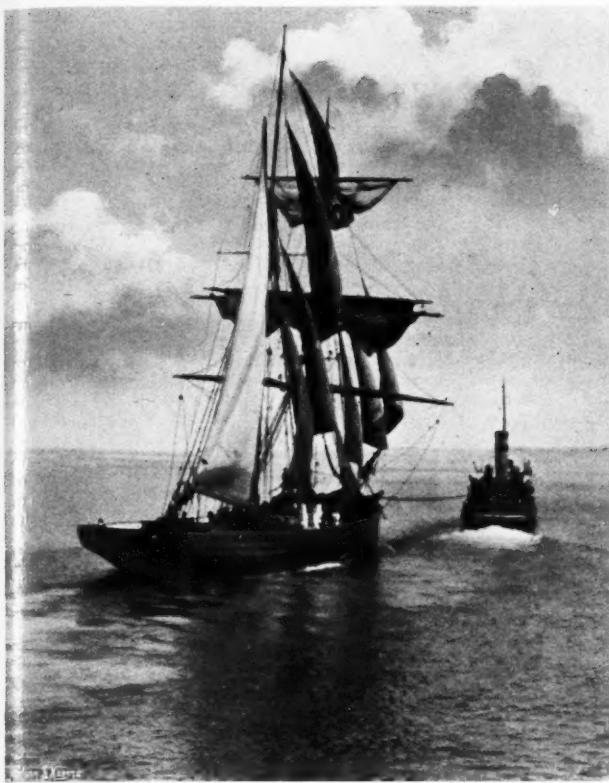
night. Under nearly every possible set of conditions vessels floating on water have something fascinating in their appearance. Even on the river Thames, with its banks lined with old wharves and uncouth buildings and all the miscellaneous litter of the water-side, it is a very pretty sight to watch a great barge, laden with sail, floating slowly up with its



J. Longfield.

"WHAT OF THE WEATHER?"

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C. F. Grindrod.

HEAVY LADEN.

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large terra-cotta sail shining in the sunlight, and in our seaport towns no vessel is so homely or familiar that under certain circumstances it is not fair to look upon. Perhaps the reason lies in the glamour of the sea and the blue sky. With the sky above and the restless sea below Nature has always a picture at hand, and somehow as soon as anything begins to float on the water it suggests all kinds of old adventure and romance. Nor is it difficult to understand why this should be so. Two thousand years or so is a very short time in the development or evolution of a race, and to the ancient primeval man it must have been a strange and mysterious proceeding for one of his kind to float out of sight on a tiny shallop. One does not need to be Edward Reed to imagine primeval man's first experiments on water. In fact, if you watch a little boy on some country brook, on which no boat has ever floated, one can easily see that he does just what our early progenitors must have done. If not the very first game, nearly the first is almost invariably the pastime of floating mimic boats down the stream. At first they may be bits of bark or bits of paper thrown in and watched, but soon the child discovers for himself that the wind may be brought in as an auxiliary of water, and he fits a tiny sail to his miniature ship. That satisfies him for a while, but if he have an adventurous disposition, it is certain that before long he will want to see something more substantial floating. At times of flood he has probably watched great masses of things carried down by the water—cocks of hay, gates, sometimes bits of wooden buildings. When he goes to bathe it is extremely easy to experiment on floating logs and other débris. One of his most brilliant discoveries is that, provided a floating substance be large enough and broad enough, it will support his weight and carry him, and in that you have the boat invented over again. We can easily imagine that the first little shallows of this kind were only employed to cross a river or punt about in its pools. The primeval man could not have been physically so inferior as his progenitors, and it may be assumed that when the boat upset he could swim quite easily; in fact, that he was more or less amphibious. Then comes the further discovery that there are more fish in

the sea than in any stream, and so he ventures out in his rowing-boat into the harbour, where he can cast his lines and in due time his nets. Probably enough it would be long and long before it dawned on his rudimentary intelligence that away across that shining expanse of water lay lands strange to him and inhabited by people such as he, yet speaking a different language, and having formed for themselves different customs. The sea is a very capricious playmate, and of those who ventured on it, one here and there must against his will have been swept away by accident—the loss of an oar or the rising of the wind. Some time or other a native was sure to return from those far-off lands. Like Odysseus he had gone through his ten years' war in Troy, and his imagination had seen strange monsters—sea-maidens, syrens, and, in fact, the *dramatis persona* of early poem and saga. No doubt he was at first absolutely disbelieved. As a matter of fact, a traveller who is very familiar with one of the few unsophisticated tribes of the present day in a recent book told a story illustrative of this very point. A native returned, and even his own mother and relatives came to the conclusion that, as he was apparently the very man that had gone away, and yet pretended to have seen things that never were on sea or land, he must be an escaped habitant of the nether world, and so they promptly sent him adrift again, in the hope that the boat in which he had sailed into port would drift him back to the land of spirits. This is a very long preamble to a very short story, but the line of thought will suggest to anyone who has felt it the strange romance and poetry with which the mind is filled by gazing on anything that floats on the deep blue sea, and our pictures are all of scenes familiar to every visitor to the seacoast. But the artists who took them have been able to grasp the fact that sky and cloud, with the sails and lonely shore and the steamer's long pennons of smoke, have in themselves a beauty which it is the object of the true artist to render.

THE OLD MASTERS OF ENGLISH LANDSCAPE

IT was a welcome surprise, after the disquieting rumours of last winter, to find the collection of Old Masters at Burlington House. It would have been a serious loss to all if the Council of the Academy had indeed decided to abolish what is the most enjoyable and at the same time the most instructive exhibition of the year. We have heard complaints that the selection has been made in a somewhat haphazard manner—that no special committee was appointed to do the work; but we confess that we cannot entirely agree with these grumblings. Perhaps in the large room, given up almost exclusively to figure work, the assortment is rather miscellaneous. It is certainly less remarkable in character than it was last year. On the other hand, no one can complain of the taste and judgment brought to bear in the



C. F. Grindrod.

HIGH AND DRY.

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choice of so many fine examples of old English landscapes, for this is undoubtedly a landscape year.

Two masters, whose pictures, at least during their lifetime, were never sufficiently appreciated, are now shown to admirable effect. For those unacquainted with that exquisite canvas by Bonington, "The Boulogne Fish-market," this picture alone would repay a visit; whilst the magnificent Wilsons are a revelation of beauty, and show what depth of poetry, sweetness, and power of simple handling belonged to this, our unhonoured and unrecognised father of English landscape. But, besides works by these painters, we have many masterpieces by artists who received due recognition, both during their lives and afterwards. There are several of the best Constables; Gainsborough is represented by two excellently characteristic landscapes (the authenticity of the third, unfortunately, "The Market Gardeners," is denied); there are some first-rate Crome's, several Cotmans, one George Morland, a George Vincent, some Turners, Nasmyths, and Peter de Wint. One room is given up completely to a collection of works by Cuyp, and the two water-colour rooms are devoted to modern landscapes by deceased British artists.

Conspicuous in this very representative collection are novelties such as two large oils by Peter de Wint—whose unsuspected power in this medium makes one wish that he had devoted himself less exclusively to water-colours—a fine Titianesque landscape by Sir Joshua, and Constable is shown in a new light—as official painter to the Prince Regent in his "Opening of Waterloo Bridge, June 18th, 1817." There is one Turner which has an unusual interest, having been painted when the artist was in his early twenties for Mr. Beckford, the celebrated author of "Vathek," and one of the young artist's first patrons. This most dramatic subject represents "The Fifth Plague of Egypt," and already shows Turner's marvellous power of imaginative composition.

If we were to take the rooms in their correct order, the first picture we should notice would be Richard Wilson's wonderfully beautiful "Lake Scene," in the left corner of the first gallery. This is a view of a classic landscape, where the vision travels across a still lake to a luminous, glowing distance of hills and water. Three figures can be detected in the rich dark foreground, from which one tree springs out against the sky. The whole subject is treated with great breadth and freedom of brushwork, and a wonderful golden atmosphere pervades the entire canvas. From this brief description it is not difficult to gather what master Wilson followed. His composition may not, in all cases, be quite so successful as Claude's, but he had a faculty for saturating the atmosphere of his pictures with an entrancing sense of light and colour, so that they invariably captivate the senses. Claude, the greatest master of classic landscape, appeals to the spectator more directly through the intellect. On this account, to some, his pictures are a little austere. His colouring tends to the cold and heavy, whereas Wilson's is warm and glowing. The English painter understood better than any man of his time—or even of the present—the importance of bathing his subject in one condition of light and atmosphere; hence the perfect sense of harmony in his pictures. In this exhibition his genius can be studied in various phases. A deeply sonorous note is struck in "Woburn Abbey"; the beautiful "View of Rome from Monte Mario" is a masterpiece of topographical art, and from "Atalanta and Meleager" his talents can be judged from the more dramatic and imaginative standpoints. How a painter of his calibre could have been allowed to live and die in a state of poverty and neglect still remains a profound source of mystery to the present generation of nature lovers.

Besides the large Wilson, in this gallery we have many other pictures

of very great interest. On the south wall is the large Constable, already mentioned, showing the Prince Regent embarking at Whitehall Stairs, with an admirable view of the Thames, still unspoilt by railway bridges, and the dome of St. Paul's in the distance. The scarlet of the foreground figures in the barges contrasts strikingly with the cold greys of the water and the city beyond on the river banks. June in London in 1817, it appears, could be just as cold and cheerless as in our own days. We may add that, from the artistic standpoint, the river and its distant banks are by far the most interesting portions of the picture, for, on the whole, the composition has less design than is usual with Constable. He seems to have felt ill at ease, being robbed of his bold masses of trees and woodlands, but notwithstanding this shortcoming, the work is still one which claims great interest both from the historic and the technical point of view. Hanging in the same room are "Dedham Lock, or the Leaping Horse," two pictures of "The Lock," and in the gallery beyond is that famous piece of impressionism, "Salisbury Cathedral from the Bishop's Garden," which served as the basis for the more ambitious picture of Salisbury Cathedral subsequently called "The Rainbow," and now hanging in Gallery III. of this exhibition. These famous Constables are all too familiar to need any further comment.

Turner, this year, is less characteristically represented. There are a dream fantasy, lent by the Corporation of Glasgow, called "Modern Italy," which proves the artistic taste of its possessors, a well-known sea piece, "Boats carrying out Anchors and Cables to Dutch Men-of-War in 1665," and the beautiful sunset effect off Harlech Castle. This picture was exhibited in 1799 with the quotation from Paradise Lost, "Now Came Still Evening On," and in truth no painter has ever so admirably conveyed the impression of daylight dying out on the sunset sky. This canvas is seen at its best in the morning light, for much of the tender beauty of tone and colour is lost as soon as the daylight loses its strength.

One word still remains to be said about Richard Parkes Bonington, whose "Boulogne Fish-market" we have already mentioned. This artist, dying at the age of twenty-eight, was yet able to leave a name which ranks prominent amongst those of the early part of the last century. In the two pictures here he shows us scenes on the sea-shore, painted very broadly, and at the same time with so much sympathy and love that we seem to be in the actual presence of the ocean. In the Fish-market the keenness of the air, the silvery, glittering sunlight struggling through the morning mist, are all most faithfully rendered. The groups of fishermen and women unloading and selling the fish, the vessels with their sails hanging loose, the woman bent under her load stepping out of the sea, the old houses on the shore—all are indicated with a frank, unhesitating touch and a remarkable faculty for seizing the character of form, atmosphere, and light. Nor should the colour of the picture be overlooked: it is a scheme of delicate greys against a pale saffron sea and sky.

As the old English landscapes form the principal interest of the exhibition, we make no apology for passing over the Cuyps, the two magnificent Tintorets, the Hals and Vandyck portraits, and many other works of interest. Of these, the Tintorets from Hampton Court are generally recognised as the best examples of the great Venetian to be seen in England. Apart from the pictures we should mention, for those people whose minds have an archaeological bent, that Gallery XI is devoted to a collection of drawings, photographs, and casts, illustrative of the excavations made in the Palace of Knossos, in Crete, during the last three years; so it may be said with truth that the exhibition caters for all tastes.

TENGMALM'S OWL.

WITH so many sharp eyes on the watch for the appearance of any unusual bird, it is probable that only a small number of the more conspicuous of our visitors escape the notice of the many ornithologists that are abroad in the land. Constantly, week by week the arrival of some distinguished foreigner is chronicled in one or other of the papers devoted to natural history, and too often the paragraph takes

form of an obituary notice, and the stranger finds a place on the shelves of a local museum. Birds that fly in the night, however, are less likely to attract attention, and many who are familiar with the feathered life of a district never see an owl at all, except on the keeper's gibbet, and only recognise its presence by the hooting that resounds through the midnight woods. Even the large brown or white owls are not often seen, so it is not



SO SLEEPY.



"WHO SAID MICE?"

strange that both the little owl and Tengmalm's, which is the subject of this article, are reported so seldom from any English county.

No doubt both species are scarce, and Tengmalm's owl especially so, and only chance visitors to this country, but many probably escape notice except when they fall victims to the misguided zeal of the gamekeeper.

The little owl is well known on the Continent, and has a reputation dating back to classical times, but Tengmalm's owl is a voyager from more distant climes. It occurs in the pine-clad regions of Northern Europe, and is abundant in Lapland, where Yarrell says that it is fond of breeding in the nesting-boxes set up by the inhabitants for the use of the golden-eye duck. It is a very minute member of the owl family, being

about the size of a thrush, but is well protected from the cold of its native haunts by a thick downy covering, extending even to the ends of the toes.

Two or three specimens were recorded as having occurred in various parts of England during the winter months of the year 1901, and there seems no reason why some of them should not have remained to breed had they been left undisturbed.

The individual shown in the photographs was captured on November 17th by a gamekeeper on the Castle Hill estate at Wolverley, near Kidderminster, and being fortunately uninjured, passed alive into the possession of a keen naturalist, Mr. J. W. Lloyd of Kington, Herefordshire. It had become quite reconciled to captivity when the present writer had an opportunity of photographing it some few weeks ago, and was in excellent plumage, except that the tail was rather worn and frayed. Once taken out of its cage, the little bird was secured by a small leather strap fastened round one of its closely-feathered legs, and was then perched upon a piece of rough cork to undergo the ordeal of the camera.

The first difficulty was to make it keep its eyes open, and the photographer was strongly reminded of the time when he, as a reluctant small boy, was dragged out of bed, and held up to the nursery window, in a comatose condition, to look at a comet in which he took no manner of interest. The owl's eyes were like

the most splendid golden opals, but every time, just as the cap was going to be taken off the camera, the nictitating membrane closed over them like a curtain, the soft rounded head drooped, and sleep resumed her interrupted reign. Patience, however, and the production of a small mouse at last overcame the difficulty, and the second photograph was achieved, showing Tengmalm's owl quite wide awake and lively.

It seems to be not much trouble to keep these small owls healthy in captivity. They require sparrows, dead mice, or such small deer, as the presence of a certain amount of fur or feathers is indispensable in their food, if their digestive organs are to work satisfactorily. All owls are fond of water, but the individual here figured seemed to be especially so, and enjoyed nothing more than a good splash in a shallow earthenware pan.

It is not often that an amateur photographer gets the chance of securing an authentic portrait, taken from the life, of so rare a visitor to the British Isles as Tengmalm's owl, and many readers of COUNTRY LIFE will no doubt be interested in the resulting pictures.

It is curious and worth noting that a little owl was shot in Worcestershire, in the same locality, just a month after this Tengmalm's owl was taken, and was bought by Mr. Lloyd, in the hope that it might prove to be another specimen of the rare bird.

S. CORNISH WATKINS.

SHOOTING ON THE BEAULIEU MANOR.

WE started at 9.45 and went for about a mile along the shore to the east of the house, or rather bungalow, which my friend John Montagu built some few years ago on the very shore of the Solent, within 50 yards of the sea. The house is built of wood and corrugated iron, with a lining of slag wool between the inner and outer walls. This keeps it warm in winter and cool in summer, and has proved a great success. The house faces south across the Solent, and the Isle of Wight opposite you makes a charming picture, as you see Egypt Point and Cowes if you look eastward, and Yarmouth, and the Needles beyond, if you look westward, the house being about halfway between the mouth of the Beaulieu River and Lymington. There were seven guns—Hon. J. Scott-Montagu, Mr. Heatley Noble, Mr. A. Stuart-Wortley, Sir Thomas Troubridge, Mr. A. K. Tharp, Mr. R. Hargreaves, and Mr. G. Duplessis. It was a lovely day, with a strongish north-westerly wind following a very wet night with a heavy gale. Arrived at the starting point, we formed a



W. A. Rouch.

Reading from left to right the names are: Mr. R. Hargreaves, Mr. A. K. Tharp, Mr. A. Stuart-Wortley, Mr. G. Duplessis, Hon. J. Scott-Montagu, Robbins (Keeper), Sir T. Troubridge, and Mr. H. Noble.

THE GUNS.

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long line with our backs to the Solent, and walked inland, sweeping everything in front of us towards a covert about a mile distant, on which the line gradually converged.

The first half-mile was through a rushy marsh, which usually yields a good many rabbits, but the rain of the preceding night had sent them all to ground.

This walk produced some partridges and a few snipe and rabbits, with an odd pheasant or two, which tried to break back. All that went forward were allowed to go, and these were a good many, as not only are the pheasants very fond of coming down to the marsh, but two or three small coverts and rough bits of gorse and thorn were included in the limits of the shooting line.

Arrived within 100 yards of our objective—a small covert of some four acres—the guns stood still, whilst the beaters separated, went round, and beat it straight down towards them.

The pheasants came fast and very high, with a considerable curl on from the cross-wind. The shooting was good, and some 150 were accounted for, all well out in the open; and here I may remark that nearly all the rises on the Beaulieu Manor are in the open, the birds frequently being walked out



W. A. Rouch.

MR. HEATLEY NOBLE SHOOTING.

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[Jan. 24th, 1903.]

of the coverts into rough ground, with gorse, broom, and heather, of which there is a good deal, or into fields of charlock, or even turnips, and shot as they fly back again.

This method gives you much higher pheasants than almost any other, though the ordinary keeper is always terrified of "losing his birds"; but if the far end of the beat is properly "stopped" there is very little fear of this. Anyway, the keeper here is not afraid of it, and as a matter of fact it never happens.

We next walk a very pretty wood, with much broom and many hollies in it, against the wind, shooting only the birds that turn back.

Those that go forward fly or run across a meadow into a very similar wood, which we then walk at right angles to the first one, straight down towards the sea. This wood ends in a marsh, about 100 yards wide, with a stream running down the middle of it, and arable ground on both sides.

The birds run straight down the marsh, and we walk in line till we are pretty near the sea, and have left the covert some 400 yards behind us. The guns stand still whilst the beaters, going off to the right and left, again join hands on the beach, and fetch the marsh up. This was only a partial success, as the rushes were very thick and many of the birds never got up at all. Moreover, the wind was almost dead against them. What did come were high and curly and very



W. A. Rouch.

MR. STUART-WORTLEY'S STAND.

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difficult. The marsh was also rather too large in extent to have pushed the birds into; whilst, by some oversight, two hedges running into it at right angles had not been "stopped." I fancy a good many birds ran along them and escaped, though probably only temporarily, as the hedge led in the direction of the wood we shot after lunch. One or two snipe came along with the pheasants, very high up, but they are more easy to kill when driven over than when walked up, as the least touch will bring them down.

Perhaps the most unusual event in the marsh was the appearance of a dozen or twenty wild turkeys, of which there are a good many down at this end of the property. They are very handsome birds, not so large as the ordinary farmyard turkey, as they only average about 10lb. to 11lb. in weight. They pick up a good living in the fields and woods, and are excellent eating, their flavour something between that of a pheasant and a home-fed turkey. Unfortunately, they do not readily take wing, and even when induced to rise, do not fly far as a rule or high, though occasionally when the wind gets under them they are carried up higher than they mean to go, and are then a fine sight coming over. Two or three of them on this day got up a bit, and, sailing over the line, paid the penalty, as Christmas was not far distant, and our host wanted some to send away.

These turkeys are extraordinarily clever at hiding in the



W. A. Rouch.

SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE KILLS A PHEASANT.

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grass or gorse, although such big birds, and it is quite easy to walk close past them without noticing them. In fact, one of those that we shot was a strong runner, and, strange as it may seem, was never brought to bag, although a retriever was immediately sent after him. The dog was small and the bird big, and the latter proved the stronger, dragging his pursuer along for a bit till he let go, when the bird disappeared into some very thick brambles that the other would not face, and was seen no more.

Mr. Rouch, the extremely clever photographer who accompanied us during the day's sport, managed to get two snap-shots which included turkeys on the wing, a quite unique photograph in England, I should think. One is here reproduced, together with others, all of them most admirable, giving an excellent idea of the country shot over, and some extremely characteristic pictures of some of the well-known shots who took part in the day's sport.



W. A. Rouch.

THE "HANDY-MAN" AS BEATER.

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so that they might get the shelter it afforded from the heavy westerly and south-westerly winds so prevalent here. The belt incidentally gives two good partridge drives—one from the westward, and the other a return drive—both of which had been brought off with success earlier in the year. The idea was conceived last year of leaving out the "stop" who used to prevent the pheasants running down the belt out of the narrow end of the covert, and thereby encouraging them to run along it on to the beach, where there is a small bit of gorse and a few bushes. These bushes, it was thought, would be sufficiently thick to hold the birds till the beaters could get round to drive them back towards the covert, where they would find the guns extended across the belt at right angles to it, almost halfway between the shore and their home.

This came off last year with great success, and was one of the finest drives I ever saw, right out in the open, the birds getting higher and higher as they saw the line of guns and loaders between them and their home, which, by the way, very few of them ever reached.

On this occasion the light failed, as it took rather longer than we had calculated to walk in line down the long covert; so many of the birds hardly rose at all, not being able to see the guns, whilst some that came high looked



W. A. Rouch.

A TURKEY HARD HIT.

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After the drive in the marsh was over, we repaired to the bungalow, which was close by, to lunch, a not unimportant part of the day's proceedings. However, we had to hurry over it, as the light fails very early at this time of the year, and there was still a good deal to be done, and at least one good rise to come. So, after half-an-hour we formed a line across the marsh, and walked the reverse way to that taken before lunch.

We got a good many pheasants which had been passed over or had sat tight in the thick rushes, thereby proving that not more than three-fourths of the birds put into the marsh had come back in the rise out of it. Then, crossing two big fields, we arrived at the inland end of a longish covert of oak, with a good deal of holly amongst it. This covert runs down towards the sea, but comes to a narrow point in a field about 500yds. short of the beach. From this point to the beach runs a hedge, dividing two arable fields. This hedge was widened into a belt a few years ago, about six rows of firs being planted under the eastern side,



W. A. Rouch.

IN A RIDE.

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Jan. 24th, 1903.

rather like ducks at flight-time, or cockchafers on a summer evening. Still, it was a success, almost every bird in the covert running down the belt all right, and also coming back, though not quite so well as they might have done.

By this time it was practically dark, but we were only two fields from home, which was quickly reached. The wind had now died away completely, and as we made the last 300 yards along the beach road, the curlews were calling and

various noises of the night beginning. A big liner was sounding her siren as she came from Southampton Water, and the lights were flashing at Cowes and Egypt Point. Behind us the lights of Yarmouth could be seen low down on the island; beyond them the Needles and Hurst Point Light closed in the scene. Ahead of us the lamps in the windows of the bungalow shone bright and attractive, as if welcoming and inviting us to the comforts within. A warm bath, a change of clothes, a cup of tea, and a cigarette brought a charming day's shooting to a comfortable conclusion. The bag amounted to 590 pheasants, 23 partridges, 48 rabbits, 11 hares, 6 snipe, 1 duck, and 12 various, including 5 turkeys.

THOMAS H. C. TROUBRIDGE.

SHOOTING NOTES.

SHOOTING IN THE SNOW.

PARTRIDGES that had begun pairing, have been brought back, with a severe shock, to a proper sense of the calendar by the pretty ubiquitous snowfall and cold spell that has the land in its grip at the time of writing. The snowy weather—that is to say, while it is living, not of course during a fall—is not altogether bad for partridge driving. To be sure, the waiting for the birds to come is cold work, and a percentage of the birds, creeping and hiding in hedges, will not



W. A. Rouch.

MODEL CHANGING.

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come at all, but those that do give good shots, the birds fly strong and wild, and we can remember many a good day with the snow lying. To be sure, a Frenchman can by no manner of means be persuaded to rise off the snow more than once, and sometimes not as often as that. The bag generally is a good deal swelled by birds picked up and brought in by the dogs, with never a shot fired at them. On the whole, partridge driving is a good deal better and more pleasant without the snow than with it; but it can be done with less drawback than many other kinds of sport in the snowy weather. If you attempt any covert shooting, you

have to send your heading guns a mile or so in advance of the beaters, for the cock pheasants (and you are not likely to be shooting hens) are so wary at the latter end of the season, and see you so plainly against the snow, that so soon as a man with a gun enters at one end of a parish they *excunt onnes* at the other. It has been suggested that in the snow you should have nightgowns for your heading guns, just as you give smocks and red caps to the beaters; but though this donning of the nightgown is often done by the casual gunner after wood-pigeons in the snow, you will seldom get the ordinary covert shooter to expose his important person to the gentle ridicule excited by nightgowns wearing over a shooting suit.

KILLING OFF THE COCKS.

Unfortunately, not only does the shooting of the old cock pheasants late in the year present peculiar difficulties, but it is absolutely necessary, in a polygamous society like that of our pheasants, that a number of the superfluous males should be killed off. It is a necessary precaution even on a grouse moor, where, if you leave alone those bachelor parties that are fond of congregating on the "tops," where even the most active and far-ranging of the beaters seldom go, you may find in the breeding-time a hen being chased by two cocks simultaneously, and a good deal of social disorder on your moor. And if this is useful in case of the grouse, who is faithful, generally speaking, for a year at least, to the mate of his choice, it becomes obviously more necessary in the case of a people like the pheasants, who are strangers to this virtue. The old cocks, those whom it is specially desirable to kill, are just those whom it is most difficult to kill, because, like shooters, they grow more cunning and wicked as they grow older. As the first gun or beater shows



W. A. Rouch.

HON. SCOTT-MONTAGU DIRECTING OPERATIONS.

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himself within visible range of the covert, the old birds, that understand the game just as well as the head-keeper himself, will begin trying every exit, endeavouring to steal up the hedgerows unobserved, and succeeding if a single one of these has been left without a small boy sitting in it as a "stop." They are as elusive as De Wet. If they do find every exit stopped, still they will hardly take wing, but will "sit tight," crouching low, in every possible hiding-place, to let the beaters overrun them, sometimes even going to ground in rabbit-hole. You really may kill your old cock grouse, stealing up to them in the shelter afforded by the beds of the burns and whatever cover the moor affords, more easily than your cock pheasant, who has grown old and wily at the end of the season. In spite of the fact that the latter end is the time at which rather exclusive attention is paid to the cocks, it is, in point of fact, more often in the quite early shoots, when the old birds have had some months' rest in which to forget exactly all the details of the business, that you kill a really long-spurred and old fellow; and this being the case, it would be better if shooters were more careful in choosing cocks preferably to hens early in the year, when both are being shot. Of course, everyone shoots a cock by preference, but few shooters are as careful on the point as they might be when birds are coming thick and fast. Under all the circumstances, when one comes to the verge of February and cock pheasants are more plentiful than enough, it becomes nice point in the ethics of shooting whether you are not justified in taking a cock pheasant on the ground if you get the chance, and you often will get the chance when you would get no opportunity of catching the same bird on the wing. This, to be sure, is not sport, but it may be in the true interests of sport, which comes to much the same.

[All enquiries under this heading to be addressed to the Shooting Editor.]

FROM THE FARMS.

CLIPPING SHEEP IN MIDWINTER.

ASCOTTISH correspondent writes: "In some of the Highland Agricultural Societies war has been waged lately over the clipping of black-faced tup hoggs in midwinter. The Weem Agricultural Society at one of its late meetings passed a resolution condemning the winter clipping of black-faced tup hoggs, which is meeting with a great deal of opposition, in spite of the fact that the practice of clipping sheep in January is a most unnatural one, and deaths among Highland sheep throughout Scotland are much more numerous than formerly, owing to the delicate nature of the animals as the result of the winter clipping. The question arises only, of course, in connection with the regulation clipping of sheep exhibited at the Highland shows, which stipulate that sheep entered for the shows must have been clipped after January 1st of the year of the show. As the animals ought to be in full fleece when judged and also for sale in the autumn, it follows that the sheep are duly clipped as soon after January 1st as possible, with results which are causing some concern among sheep-breeders in the Highlands. At the last meeting of the Highland and Agricultural Society, Sir Robert Menzies tried, to use his own words, 'to knock sense into the directors' and have the date of the clipping altered from January 1st to May 1st, but his motion was not even seconded. As the bitterest weather of the winter almost invariably sets in after the New Year in the Highlands, it seems a pity that a practice which would be utterly condemned in any ordinary methods of sheep-farming should have gained such a firm hold on the Highland and Agricultural Society."

THE POULTRY LAYING COMPETITION.

Mr. C. H. Payne of Highclere, near Newbury, Berks, sends an interesting report of the laying of the twenty-four pens (four pullets in each) under his management. Two birds only are broody; all are in good health. The size of the eggs is now, with some few exceptions, very good. From the tabulated results it appears that Pen 13 of White Wyandottes is in front, with a total for three months of 369; best individual total, 106. The nearest to this is a Buff Orpington, which in the same time has laid 104 eggs; the pen to which it belongs have laid 256 eggs. The others are a long way behind the Wyandottes and Orpingtons.

THE CULTIVATION OF MEDICAL PLANTS.

The Board of Agriculture, which under the new régime produces some curiously out-of-the-way bits of information, some time ago, in answer to the request of a correspondent, applied to the secretary of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain for an opinion on the cultivation of medical plants. It is more curious than encouraging to those wishful of embarking on this industry. A few of the plants in question, such as digitalis, grow wild in the South of England and in Central Europe. Another point against digitalis is that it does not flower till the second year, and only the dried leaves collected from plants about to flower are of any use. Lastly, the Germans have almost the monopoly of the cultivation of this plant, owing to the fact that with them the labour of collecting and drying is obtained more cheaply than it is in England. Still, one would think that some of the enterprising small holders might get over the difficulty. Henbane stands pretty much in the same position as digitalis, which flowers in the second year, the first year's leaves being almost valueless. Belladonna is grown largely in Germany, and a good yield is said to be about

four tons to the acre and the market price £4 10s. a ton. It is said that the cultivation of lavender for distillation is reported to yield no profit on present prices, but we should like to hear what the owners of the lavender fields say in regard to this. Of peppermint we are told that it is a remunerative crop, but only the experienced person can hope to make it pay. No definite information is given about aconite, poppy (for capsules), rhubarb, roses, camomile, and liquorice; but a hint is thrown out that the demand for home-grown aconite may possibly increase. The tone of the report, as will be seen, is not very sanguine, but still it is not so pessimistic as to deter an enterprising small holder from taking up the cultivation of some at least of these plants where he is favourably situated for securing a market.

THE LAND SHIP.

How carefully the thrifty farmer attends to the welfare of his great land ship is admirably shown in the picture we give of a thatched wagon. The thatch, of course, is only put on in winter, in order to preserve the wagon in good condition during the wet and stormy weather. In summer it is taken off again.



A THATCHED WAGGON.

On a future occasion we hope to show pictures of some very old waggonns that are still in use on farms in various parts of the country, showing how carefully our ancestors built their farm implements, and also how the frugal and industrial farmer of old time devoted no end of trouble and care to their preservation.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

EXCEPT through translations, the English language rarely receives additions to the class of "human document" of which the letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse are so striking an example, and Miss Wormeley is the more to be congratulated on having in her rendering of them preserved for us to an unusual degree the grace and spirit of the original French. But though the genius of self-expression and self-abandonment does not find a congenial cradle in the English temperament, and though the English seldom perceive it, even in others, without a slight wonder and reserve, yet to those who have a just conception of the times in which she lived and of the surroundings from which she had to take her views of life, the outpourings of this passionate, desolate child of her age, if hitherto unknown, will come with a personal appeal and a pathos that preclude criticism. They are the record of a soul laid bare, not only to the world, but to itself; they disarm criticism. We may see her errors, but we cannot see them more clearly than she does herself; we may regret the lavishing of so great a treasure before the cold eyes of pity and contempt, but she does more than regret—she despairs over it; we may condemn her weakness, but no condemnation can be more severe than the tragic judgments she passes on herself. It is this that gives these letters so exceptional an interest. To watch a mind, so trained and so acute, watching itself with such an unerring appreciation of its own errors through such a cataclysm of passion, is an extraordinary experience. Julie de Lespinasse is little known in England. Born in 1732, she was the natural daughter of the Comtesse d'Albon, and circumstances conspired from the outset to make hers a strange and unusual fate. Her career was one of sudden and romantic transitions. Her childhood was sheltered, but at the most impressionable age of life she suddenly found herself in the utmost desolation and loneliness. From the obscurity of the lowly situation which the cruelty of those who should have protected her rendered doubly sorrowful and humiliating, she was transplanted to one of the most brilliant salons of a brilliant Paris, under the patronage—none too generous—of the witty

and famous Mme. du Deffaud, and the manner in which the nameless young girl, plain in appearance and poor in attire, made her way to the minds and hearts of the most distinguished of the distinguished circle round her patroness, has something of the elements of a fairy tale.

But if Cinderella can wear the shoe, she will come from the ashes sooner or later. When, after ten years, the jealousy of Mme. du Deffaud obliged her to leave the convent of St. Joseph, Julie went to her own kingdom. She drew after her to the Rue de Belle-Chasse not only the most famous *habitues* of the salon of Mme. du Deffaud herself, but also those of the other great salons then holding sway in Paris. Here she became the companion of d'Alembert, the beloved of M. de Mora; here she wrote these remarkable letters to M. de Guibert; and here in 1776 she died. It was an excellent idea which brought under the same cover as her letters all the available information concerning the life and character of this daughter of the eighteenth century. The admirable essay of M. Sainte-Beurre, the portrait drawn of her by M. d'Alembert, M. de Guibert's eulogy, the letters which show how great was the impression created by her death—all these illuminate each other in a way that throws fresh light on every point. With the able and sympathetic notes, they enable one to gain a clear idea of the personal relations of the four chief actors on this old-world stage. No detail of these relations escaped Julie de Lespinasse herself; in none of them could she absolve herself from blame.

M. de Mora passes like a shadow across her pages. According to contemporary witness, he was a man of brilliant parts, and his early death was a loss to his country. But to us he will be always the lover of Julie de Lespinasse, the lover whose appreciation became eventually her only weapon against the terrible self-mistrust with which the neglect of M. de Guibert filled her heart; the man whose gentleness measured for her the depth of her fall in forsaking him, and who would have forgiven her and comforted her could he have come back to her. "Oh! he will pardon me," she says; "I had suffered so much."

Perhaps no figure of the quartette is so tragic as that of d'Alembert. To M. de Mora she gave, to M. de Guibert she would have given everything, but to d'Alembert, worthiest of all, she gave nothing. It is evident, from that cry of bitter reproach and regret which he wrote after she had gone beyond all questioning that he had deceived himself as to her feeling for him. We will not say she had wilfully deceived him, yet in no relationship of her life does Julie de Lespinasse stand with so poor a defence as in her friendship for this man. He served her faithfully; his fame established hers; and to her the mathematician, the encyclopaedist, the writer of the "Eulogies," became, as Marmontel tells us, a "docile child." Even in his bewilderment at the change of feeling she manifested towards him during her illness he would not ask for an explanation, lest he should harm or agitate her; and his only legacy from the woman for whom he did and felt so much was the revelation that embittered his mourning for her and darkened his own last years. Doubtless, her position was difficult; but that cry to her, ". . . for eight years, at least, I was not the first object of your heart, in spite of assurances you had so often given me," is not easily explained away.

And what of the fourth and last figure, the man for whom she forsook M. de Mora and turned her back on M. d'Alembert? Sainte-Beurre says with truth that it is easy now to be severe on M. de Guibert. He was ordinary; there was the point that made the tragedy. One cannot test mortals by the rules that guide the gods. It is curious to gather, as one does gradually, the limits of this man from the letters of the woman who adored him—a common type of soldier, stupid, self-satisfied, restless, a man the keynote of whose proceedings was vanity, and the limit of his perceptions, self. One suspects that it was to the vanity of M. de Guibert that we owe the publication of these letters. One can imagine him saying, "Let them see how this famous woman loved me!" Vanity would prevent him from perceiving how poor a figure he cut in them; vanity would seal his eyes to the irony of the contrast between his capacity for estimating her as it is revealed in her letters and as he seeks to make it evident in his eulogy of "Eliza."

On the question brought up in the footnote to page 13, each must judge according to the interpretation he puts upon the language of Mlle. de Lespinasse, and to his conception of the age she lived in. To us it seems that the letters which begin on pages 148 and 241 allow of but one interpretation. At any rate, the attempt to bring the creature of one century into line with the public opinion that rules another is seldom satisfactory. The age of Julie de Lespinasse was the age of Voltaire and Rousseau, and in that age, which offered no protection and set up no barrier against excesses both of life and thought, she was in a peculiarly unprotected position. Be that as it may, it was never remorse for a broken moral law that filled her soul. It was remorse for having been guilty of unfaithfulness to a first lover in yielding to her passion for a second; it was the remorse of outraged pride and betrayed

judgment; above all—and here lies her strongest claim to pardon—it was remorse for having been false to a standard, rare, indeed, in those days, which she had set up for herself. "I see myself guilty . . . I failed a man, the most virtuous . . . of men: in a word, I failed myself."

It was a gallant life. There is hardly an accusation to be brought against her from which circumstances do not spring forward to defend her. They grant her the pardon she could not grant herself.

Many years are gone by since she and all her friends laid aside alike the passions and sorrows of life, and went into the silence that knows neither; but in these letters those old days live again, and gratitude is due to the able hand that has brought them nearer to us by this excellent translation.

An additional interest is given its appearance at this moment by the fact that its subject appears to be the original of an extremely clever piece of characterisation now unfolding itself in one of the Anglo-American serials. So striking a departure from Mrs. Humphry Ward's usual line of work as is evident in "Lady Rose's Daughter" could not fail to attract attention, and it seems as if she had drawn from the force and romance that emanate from the personality of Mlle. de Lespinasse the inspiration to which this departure is due. The likeness is arresting. If it detracts a little from the originality of the conception, it in no wise detracts from the value of its treatment, for round this tragic figure Mrs. Ward, with almost more than her usual skill, is drawing a story of interest, strength, and charm.

EVELYN E. RYND.

A GREAT . . . CORRESPONDENT.

IT is only about three weeks since we were writing half jocularly about M. de Blowitz, who had then retired from his post as Paris correspondent of the *Times*. It was not the custom to take M. de Blowitz seriously, and yet beneath all jesting about him there was the recognition of his being a very great man. For a period of no less than thirty years he held this very important post in connection with the *Times*, and probably there was no man in Europe who possessed a wider knowledge of the politics—personal and



Foulsham: THE LATE M. DE BLOWITZ.

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national—of the various countries of Europe. He was in his seventy-first year when he died, and described as hearty as ever in spirits and general health, with the full complexion and robust health of a man in middle life. He was born in 1832, and his full name was Henri Georges Stephane Adolphe de Blowitz. He

began life as a teacher of German in various French universities, but he was not a naturalised French citizen until 1870, and by that time journalism instead of pedantry had become the mainstay of his life. At that time the Franco-Prussian War was raging, and, always the loyal adherent of M. Thiers, he joined the Garde Nationale at Marseilles, and thus announced to the world that he had adopted France as his country, a choice to which he clung for the remainder of his life. During the siege he kept in touch with M. Thiers at Versailles by means of a private wire, when all other means of communication had been destroyed, and this gave him the introduction to the *Times* that afterwards became of so much moment in his life. It also imparted to him the idea of having a private wire for night use between Paris and London. This was established in 1874, and set a precedent for the international press. It is said that he had contributed no less than 4,000 columns to the *Times* in thirty years, and practically speaking he invented the political interview and made it a means by which statesmen could speak to the world at large.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GOLDEN GUINEA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am grateful for your allusion in "Country Notes" to my letter addressed, a few days ago, to a daily contemporary, and to the refreshment you have provided for my memory. The doggerel which my father used to quote is not a couplet, as you prove, but I had forgotten the repetition in the third line, and the "Shove it up" which followed. This conclusion to the rhyme was quoted by a Scotsman in North Britain, with whom I was discussing the advantages and disadvantages of the £1 note in his native land, but I believe it also formed part of my father's rhyme. I shall be very glad to see one of the beautiful Georgian guineas reproduced and necessarily modernised to suit 1903, feeling sure the finest coinage in the world would be enriched by the revival of this exquisite piece and its half. The 7s. 6d. gold piece of Henry VIII. is an odd-sum coin, and not likely, therefore, to reappear—not more likely than the 12s. 6d. postal order, for which the public some time ago asked in vain. On the day on which I wrote to a contemporary there appeared in another journal a proposal that the three-penny bit should be swept away and supplanted by a nickel token! Ye gods! what a method of barbarism! Peace to its unhallowed ashes. It may be of interest for me to mention, with your permission, that in or about 1892 I sold, as executor, seventeen Georgian guineas for £21 to silversmith—price current then, perhaps, but below high-water mark to-day. One of my co-executors obtained from the Bank of England face value for two £1 notes (English) of 1803 and 1805, both slightly torn. They had been hidden away in an old desk since, I think, 1835.—R. ST. J. CORBET, Plymouth.

THE WILMINGTON GIANT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in the pictures of the two Scotch turf memorials in COUNTRY LIFE of January 10th. Some of your readers may like to see the accompanying photograph of the Long Man of Wilmington, one of the most conspicuous landmarks in the Valley of the Cuckmere, which is at once the quaintest and most beautiful part of Southern Sussex. The rude gigantic figure is within easy reach of Wilmington Village, which was the home of Harold's father, Earl Godwin, and is said to be the largest in England. It measures 240 ft. in length, and, as will be seen, each hand contains a pole or staff of about the same length. I have seen it stated that at one time the giant held a hoe and a rake respectively, and it can be well believed, for the district is a purely agricultural one. The figure was allowed to get into a very bad state of repair, and it is not many years since the Long Man was subjected to a severe scouring. Antiquaries declare that the



A HUMAN WRECK.

figure was first placed in position in Saxon times. Certainly one hopes that the Wilmington Giant will never again be overgrown.—S. R.

THE ACCLIMATISATION OF BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I can endorse the letter of your correspondent as to the difficulty of acclimatising the Australian grass parroquets. I have tried them on several occasions, with the inevitable result that they invariably stray away sooner or later. This is the more disappointing as they are hardy birds, living and breeding freely in an outdoor aviary. Three birds in one of my aviaries two years ago were responsible for no less than ten broods during the year, most of the young birds arriving at maturity. When I have turned them out I have done so by degrees, always having plenty of call birds behind in the aviary. I think four months is the longest time I have ever known them to stay within sight. They seem to have no difficulty in getting on well with the other birds, and I have watched them feeding quite contentedly with sparrows, chaffinches, etc., who never seem to resent their presence, as they generally do in the case of foreign birds. They stray away in small groups for no reason that one can discover, except to gratify their wandering instinct, and generally, I have found, in the direction of other houses, many of the last lot I turned out settling for some weeks in the nursery grounds of a neighbouring market gardener. I have also tried to acclimatise cockatoos on one occasion, but the harvest was just ripening, and an adjacent oat-field proved an immediate attraction. I noticed them there for some weeks, and think that most of them fell a prey to the sparrows and other birds, as I picked up more than one mangled carcass.—LEONARD NOBLE.

"OLD HARDAPPLE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This old hamp I met stumping along the road near Haefield in this county, such a wreck of a man, and clothes to match the wreck. But his face seemed to have weathered the storm well—there was a wonderful vigour about it. I made enquiry about him, and found that the ancient warrior is named "Old Hardapple," a rural cognomen probably in allusion to his defiant attitude in face of misfortunes. The old man is at present in the Watford Infirmary, refitting for next summer's campaign.—P. SELBY JOHNSTON, Rickmansworth, Herts.

HAINAUT FOREST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I had several walks with Mr. Buxton in Epping Forest to see the trees, and we marked a few of the principal trees down—the bad trees, to make more room for the good ones, which is the best plan, and there was a great outcry at the time that the forest was being destroyed! I marked the trees, which were all bad ones, only with the object of improving the forest, just as I would have done in my own woods. Where there were too many which were growing wild with others, we marked the worst trees and those which were injurious to others. I remember having a luncheon there with some of the conservators; there is an oak plantation near the hotel, where some of the small oaks were injuring the finer ones, and I suggested the removal of a few of these small badly-grown trees to give space for the better ones, but the opinion seemed to be that nothing should be cut, so I did not like to interfere any further. There was also at that time a project for draining the forest, but I said that in a place like that, where it was a public recreation ground, it was better to leave the forest as much as possible in a natural state, because in the first place drainage would certainly starve the trees, and also because the people of London who go there for an outing take their wives and children with them, and I consider that the countless little pools and marshy places in the forest, full of water-beetles and other insects, also birds and rabbits, etc., are just the very thing for the amusement of the children, as well as their parents.

Hainault would serve the same purpose for different populations. They would find all sorts of interesting pursuits in searching for newts and frogs and water insects, and if it was all drained and made like a garden, this study of natural history would be lost to them. In public parks, such as Hyde Park, etc., there is no opportunity for this kind of amusement, and the forest is such a charming piece of wild sylvan scenery in a state of absolute Nature that I should myself deplore its being "improved" and made into a park like those in London. I am sure the London children, if they have any love for Nature, must



AN ANCIENT TURF MEMORIAL.

delight in that large extent of wild ground, and in my opinion it should be left in its wild state. There are badgers' casles there, made artificially, and all that makes the forest a most interesting ground, where London children, coming out of the slums, can enjoy something which they could never see in their homes, and this would have a civilising effect and teach them to take an interest in the works of God. They would find in their season caterpillars and moths, butterflies and dragon-flies on the pools, newts, lizards, etc., so that the forest would be a happy hunting ground for the poor children who come from crowded streets and courts in the city. Fancy what a means of enjoyment this must be to those who only get a breath of fresh air in a place like that!—mushrooms, gall nuts, oak apples, etc., all new to these poor folk, and a great and most useful relief to their dirty life.—POWERSOURT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]
Sir,—I have been much interested to read the valuable suggestions made by Miss Jekyll and Professor H. Marshall Ward in response to my comments on the re-afforestation of Hainault Forest. The latter writer seems to favour the idea of a certain amount of planting combined with some sowing of forest trees and bushes. I think it would very likely be wise to centre each large group with a nucleus of planted trees, so as to obtain greater variety in age and

height, but I still think that rest seeds sown *in situ* will give the best results in the long run. I cannot concur with Professor Ward's suggestion to plant Scotch firs. They are not indigenous in the forest, where the only natural evergreen is holly, and for that reason have an artificial effect. Besides, they are not happy in our smoky atmosphere. I do not know of a single healthy full-grown Scotch fir or spruce within fifteen miles of London on the Essex side. Miss Jekyll's account of her experiment of sowing on similar ground is very encouraging as to the short period necessary to obtain a picture-que rough growth. I now desire to call attention to the aspect of the ground in its present barren condition, and to a corresponding picture of what I imagine and hope it will be like in five or six years' time. I think the artist has been very successful in following out the hints which I have given him. I hope that those interested will realise that that which I have conjured up in imagination may make some show within the above period. I now proceed to the question of laying down grass on that part of the land not covered by plantations—say, about 400 acres now under the plough. In the first place, it is of great consequence, where the land lies in ridge and furrow, to plough both ways into the furrows in such a

way that when the soil sinks the surface will show a true level. Many parts of Epping Forest which were formerly cultivated and afterwards restored to the forest, were allowed to grass over without this very important operation. The result, even after many years, is very disfiguring, as well as uncomfortable to walk or ride over. Mr. T. S. Dymond, the County Instructor in Chemistry and Agriculture, has furnished me with an able report on the steps to be taken to secure the best turf, together with several analyses of the soil and a statement of the grasses indigenous to the land, as well as other species which may be expected to make a fine turf. He recommends the sowing of these seeds along with

spring corn, which protects them in their early growth, spreading the process over a series of years, the land in the meanwhile being heavily limed and afterward treated with basic slag. Mr. Dymond differentiates between the light top and the heavy soil in the hollows, and recommends a mixture of seed in each case suited to the soil, adding nutritive species not included in the list of those found growing spontaneously. He also advises that the fouler portions should be fallowed for a time. Other persons having practical experience of this land recommend a somewhat simpler process. They are of opinion that, the land being poor, it will be difficult to maintain some of the grasses recommended without dressings, renewed from time to time, and this

might not be convenient in the case of land devoted to the public use; also that the indigenous perennial grasses will inevitably occupy the surface, even without artificial sowing, and will afford a suitable turf, and that they will do this to the exclusion of other kinds. It is, moreover, urged that it is not worth while to incur large expenditure to secure pasture of a high feeding value, because that value will in any case be seriously detracted from by the continual passage of many feet. Both reports concur in advising that a period of at least three years should be allowed for the completion of these processes (Mr. Dymond seems to contemplate a longer period), and that the public should not be admitted to this part of the land until the turf is well established. The grasses growing wild on the farm are cock's-foot, fescue, rye-grass, rough-stalked meadow grass, bird's-foot trefoil, twitch, and wild vetch. I do not profess to be an expert on this part of the subject, but content myself with stating these slightly divergent views, hoping that others who are qualified will decide between them.—E. N. BUXTON.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have seen the important and suggestive letters of Mr. Nisbet, Mr. Watney, and Mr. Cook. We now have the views of some of the best foresters in the country upon an experiment of the highest interest.



THE ACTUAL FOXBURROWS FARM.



THE IDEAL FOREST.